

San Francisco, December 13, 1900

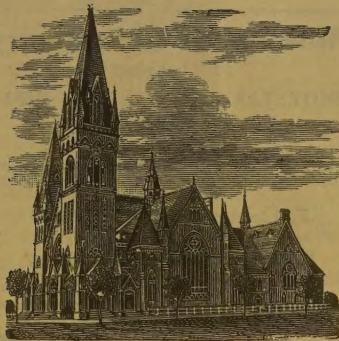
THE PACIFIC

Moorhead Geo
1691 400 Edwards



Volume XLIX

Number 50



First Congregational Church, Oakland

Published Weekly at the Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, by the Publishing Company of the Pacific

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Published every Thursday at the Congregational Headquarters, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, by the PUBLISHING CO. OF THE PACIFIC

TERMS:

Per Year, in Advance, - - - \$2.00
To Foreign Countries in Postal Union 3.00

A good book for a Christmas present

HISTORY OF THE Howard Presbyterian Church

SAN FRANCISCO

From its foundation in 1850, to the close of its first pastorate in 1862. By Rev. Samuel H. Willey, the First Pastor. Cloth, gilt title, price \$1.00.

The book has the flavor of "the times of '49" and the early days of San Francisco. It tells of the founding of the earliest philanthropic institutions of San Francisco and gives the names of some of the men and women who were foremost in establishing them.

For sale at the American Tract Society's Bookstore, 16 Grant Avenue

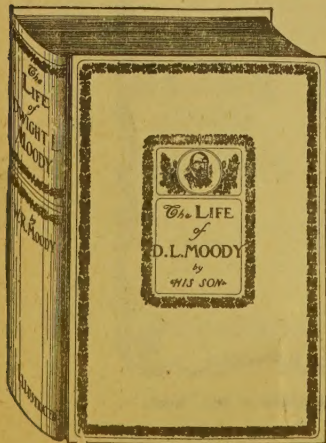
SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY

Office, 33 Geary St.

TELEPHONE, 5125.

S. F. BUFFORD, Manager.

BLMYER BELLS
CHURCH - SCHOOL - FIRE-ALARM
PACIFIC MERCANTILE CO. SOLE AGENTS
PACIFIC COAST
308 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



Latest and Best SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS

For the Holiday Season.

\$500 to \$1,000 can be easily earned between now and the Holidays. One agent earned \$147 during half the dull month of August.

Send at once for new illustrated Fall Circular. Handsome outfits free to responsible and energetic agents.

R. R. PATTERSON,
Publisher and Publishers' Agent
429-437 MONTGOMERY ST.
San Francisco, Cal.

THE BOOK STORE



Of the American Tract Society has moved from the Palace Hotel Building, 637 Market street to 16 GRANT AVENUE, bet. Market and Geary Sts. Our store and methods are not strangers in San Francisco, and we are pleased to announce that at the new address we shall continue to carry the best books in nearly every department of literature.

A much larger salesroom with perfect light will enable us to increase our stock and display it advantageously. We are sure that a visit to our new store will prove a pleasure. A continuance of your esteemed patronage is cordially asked.

L. H. CARY, Manager.

SCHOOLS.

POMONA COLLEGE,

CLAREMONT, CAL.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Seeks to give a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.,

REV. FRANK L. FERGUSON, President.

REV. E. C. NORTON, Dean of Faculty.

Mills College and Seminary

THE OLDEST

PROTESTANT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Grants Diplomas and Confers Degrees. Rare opportunities offered in Music. One hour's ride from San Francisco.

Fall term opens August 8, 1900

Write for catalogue to

MRS. C. T. MILLS, President,
MILLS COLLEGE P. O., ALAMEDA CO., CAL.

IRVING INSTITUTE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Select Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

Primary Department for Children.

A carriage will call when desired.

This school, so well known for twenty-one years, has moved into an elegant and commodious building on the northeast corner of California and Buchanan streets. It gives full seminary and college preparatory courses, language, education, music in all branches, and art. It is accredited to the universities.

For further information address the Principal

REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M.

PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, REMOVED TO BERKELEY Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President

REV. J. K. McLEAN, D. D.
Oakland, Cal.

FRED WILSON, MERCHANT TAILOR.

Fifteen per cent discount
to Clergymen.

610 MONTGOMERY STREET;

N. E. Cor. Merchant St.

SAN FRANCISCO, - - - CAL.

THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, December 13, 1900

The Fortieth Anniversary of the First Congregational Church of Oakland.

The fortieth anniversary of the First Congregational church of Oakland has been observed during the last few days by special services. The church was organized on the 9th of December, 1860, with seventeen charter members. On the 8th of December, 1860, the Rev. E. S. Lacey, pastor of the First church of San Francisco, met with the persons desirous of forming the organization. All things were found satisfactory, and on the next day, the Sabbath, the organization was perfected, Mr. Lacey, assisted by the Rev. J. H. Brayton, receiving into fellowship the seventeen persons uniting in the new work.

Failing to secure as its pastor the Rev. E. G. Beckwith, who was at that time supplying the First church of Sacramento, the little church turned Eastward and in May, 1861, had the pleasure of welcoming to Oakland as its first pastor the Rev. George Mooar, who was happily settled in the "Old South Church" at Andover, Massachusetts, a church organized in 1711, but who, as future vents have plainly shown, was led by the Spirit to cast his lot with Pacific Coast Congregationalism.

Eleven blessed years for pastor and people rolled around, and then, Dr. Mooar entering upon that work in Pacific Theological Seminary which has made his life a part of so much of the Christian life on the coast, the Rev. J. K. McLean began that memorable pastorate of twenty-three years, during which the church became a far-reaching power for good and its beloved pastor one in whom every Congregational interest on the coast had a friend and helper.

In the year 1896, the present pastor, the Rev. Charles R. Brown, began the third pastorate, which from the beginning has beautifully crowned the two preceding.

Thus signally blessed, the church stood last Sunday at the close of its four decades of usefulness, and thanking God for the past took new courage for the future.

Mentioning the fact, at the regular Sunday morning service, that the occasion was the 40th anniversary of the church, Mr. Brown

said that no pastor was ever blessed with two such predecessors as he had had; that it was very unusual for a church to have all its pastors in attendance at a fortieth anniversary service. He said that it was with some trepidation that he had gone about his work after he had sat with them in the pulpit the first Sunday that he had preached in the church, but very soon he found in them an inspiration and a help, and he was grateful that they had been here, and were here on that occasion to celebrate with him and others the anniversary.

The sermon which was then given by Dr. Mooar came as so impressive a message to the hearts of all who heard it that we give it wider circulation in the columns of the Pacific this week. People speak nowadays of the need for a preaching that is "up-to-date." Here is a sermon which greatly impressed and moved a large congregation. We cannot believe that it is different in any essential from what came from this same preacher forty years ago. Is it not a good sign, that our largest church on the Pacific Coast takes to that kind of preaching to-day? The Gospel is always "up-to-date" with Christian people.

A pleasant feature of the Sunday morning service was the reading of a letter from Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Freeland, of Seattle. Mr. Freeland's work as acting pastor, for one year, between the pastorates of Dr. McLean and Mr. Brown, greatly endeared him to that people. The letter from these ever-to-be-remembered friends was as follows:

To the Congregational Church of Oakland:

Mr. and Mrs. Freeland send greetings to their dear friends of the First church, and thanks for the very kind invitation to these festivities, which has been so gracefully conveyed to them by your pastor. But there are miles and leagues between Puget Sound and San Francisco Bay.

When Mr. Freeland first stood in your pulpit, one summer Sunday of 1891, President Kellogg reminded him that it had been thirty years, or such a matter, since he in your name had given him an invitation in the far East to do that thing. But if such a pastorate had

come about in the Lord's ordering, what a loss had been yours! For he who did that foundation work for you in the early years of your "forty," and did it so much better than any of the rest of us could have done it, and whose bow still abides in its strength, he might not have come to you to be now our honored and beloved "Professor Mooar." Sometimes the Lord is able to show us how His negations also are for our good.

Forty years of church life! And such years as they have been! Has the world ever before seen the like of them? Surely America has not!

And one of these years we shared with you. A happy twelve-month! and in it all scarce one thing that we would wish to forget!

Greetings we send, and congratulations with our thanks, together with expression of our glad hopes for your future usefulness, and our assurance that the Lord still has great things for you to do.

May the forty years to come be even as those that are past—not gone—and much more abundant in all the largeness of fruitfulness.

With unabated affection, always your friends,

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Freeland,
Seattle, Nov. 29, 1900.

In the evening Dr. McLean preached on the text, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple." He said in this connection that there are two forms of religious growth; one outward, concerning itself with an increase in numbers; the other inward or intensive—a growth in moral capacity and character. Giving special attention to the second form, inner religious growth, it was said to consist primarily in an enlargement of moral perceptions—the power to see truth. Truth discloses itself to the human faculties as the tree discloses itself to the eye. There is first the tiny plant, then the shrub, the sapling and the great tree follow it. It divides and subdivides in its many branches, and gives also blossom and fruit in profusion and abundance. In reality, however, it was said that truth cannot grow. God's truth is eternal, infinite; the growth is in the perceiving mind. The more the soul steadfastly enquires in the temple of the Lord, the fuller the truth appears to the human mind. All truth, like the buds, is not final, but germinal. Every truth that we learn is sure in time to give forth new advancements and extensions.

The thought then passed to the increase in moral energy, in the power to obey what has

been perceived. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Truth seen must turn itself into truth obeyed. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit," said Christ. "So shall ye be my disciples." "The love of God," the speaker continued, "cannot shed itself abroad in hearts that hold the truth in unrighteousness."

Passing to another division, it was said that an increased quality and quantity of moral being will result from a perception of and an obedience of truth. The truth has been given so that we may come to a perfect manhood in Christ.

These three-fold growths, it was then said, will be perennial in their exercise and scope. "All the days of my life," says the Psalmist. They will be life-long—eternal. The great school for the spirit lies beyond. We are here in a kindergarten. When we depart from earth we go from lower to higher. The handicaps of this life are dropped when we cross the border. Tirelessly, day and night, we shall enquire of God.

Such growth, it was further said, implies and necessitates outgrowth. In every life there are incorporation and elimination. This elimination, it was shown, is not a sign of degeneration but of progress. "In the religious progress of the ages much has been left behind, but that which we carry on is the gold of the truth with the dross left out." In conclusion it was said that the demand now is not for less of the outward growth, but the paramount need is for intensive growth—for a fuller incorporation of essential truths in all our lives.

This impressive sermon shows how it was possible for Dr. McLean to stand in that pulpit for almost a quarter of a century. It ought to result in leading all who heard it to hasten their growth up toward that perfectness which is in Christ.

On Monday evening the church parlors were opened and a public reception was given. Dr. Mooar, Dr. and Mrs. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. William Rader. Mr. Rader was during the last year of Dr. McLean's pastorate the assistant pastor, and, along with his wife, has many warm admirers in the church. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Williams were missed from the group that evening. They were invited, but did not find it possible to be there. In this forty years' record we cannot omit them. One of the many years they have spent in earnest Christian work was passed in Oakland, where Mr. Williams was one of Dr. McLean's assistant pastors. Many people have pleasant memories of that year.

Another pleasant feature of this anniversary occasion was the commemoration on the part

of the Sunday School. We quote here the remarks of Mr. E. P. Flint:

"I spent the summer of 1860 in Oakland to escape from the fogs and cold winds of San Francisco. At that time Oakland was covered with beautiful oak trees, such as may still be seen on Adams Point, and in spring and summer the ground was covered with flowers. The roads ran every way among the trees, and it was a rural place, very pleasant for summering in. The Congregationalists living here all went to the Presbyterian Church, but in the fall they held several meetings which resulted in forming the First Congregational Church, and the Sunday school was also opened on the same day, Dec. 9, 1860. The first superintendent was Deacon Willard Leonard, assisted by W. F. Boardman. The services of the church and Sunday school were held for some time in the Pavilion situated on the public square now occupied by the county court house, a building of slight construction, the roof leaky, and obliging the people to raise their umbrellas in some places. A block of land was secured on Broadway in 1861, and a church edifice commenced, which was occupied about March, 1862. In that year I moved here to reside permanently, and at once entered the Sunday school as a teacher, having had several years' experience in the First Church, in San Francisco. In a short time I was chosen superintendent, and continued such for several years, being succeeded by R. E. Coyle. I think there were about 150 teachers and scholars at first, the members increasing steadily from month to month. The school was interesting, and well furnished with teachers. The scholars of two large private schools, the Brayton Boys' School and Mrs. Blake's Young Ladies Seminary, came into the Sunday School, adding to the numbers and interest, and there was a mutual attraction, which made them quite regular in attendance. We opened the school with singing for about ten minutes, and had some excellent voices. Among the hymns of that date I recall "The Shining Shore," "Dare to Do Right," "I'm a Pilgrim," "Oh, Do Not Be Discouraged," "Out On the Ocean," etc., and in the infant class "Little Drops of Water," "I Must to Be an Angel," "Where, Oh, Where Are the Hebrew Children." One of the children was heard singing at home, "Where, Oh Where Are the Deep Blue Children?" Some of the boys of that time are our most useful citizens of to-day. Visiting the Durant Public School recently, I was surprised when Principal Dunbar introduced me as his old Sunday school teacher, and I learned that he was one of the Brayton School boys. A remarkable incident that occurred in a session of the Sunday school in the summer

of 1864 is probably unique in the history of Sunday schools. The lesson for the day was in Acts 16, 25-40. It was our custom to stand and read the lesson in unison. We had read, "But about midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns unto God, and the prisoners were listening to them, and suddenly there was a great earthquake so that the foundations of the prison house were shaken," when the church was violently shaken by a great earthquake, which created a panic for a few minutes, but it was soon over, order was restored and the lesson reading resumed. My connection with the school as superintendent and teacher lasted for thirty years, when I was obliged to resign on account of poor health. It is interesting to think of how many children and youths have been taught in this Sunday School during its forty years. The secretary informs me that the average annual increase of new scholars has been 164 during the last five years. The school for quite a period was much larger than during these years, and I think an average of nearly 200 new scholars would be correct at that time, so it is quite safe to say that fully 7,000 have been brought under the influence of its faithful teachers. Our Savior taught the parable of the leaven in a measure of meal till the whole was leavened, so we hope that the truths put into so many youthful minds helped to form useful lives. Where are these 7,000 scholars now? Many of them are in the cities and towns of this State, and doubtless they often remember their early life in this church and Sunday School."

Thus passed an occasion long to be remembered in the First Congregational church of Oakland. During the forty years of its existence it has been the means of leading many in living ways. In this prosecution of its work at home and abroad it has expended a million dollars and all in all has set going forces that are all the while and everywhere helping to revolutionize the world. As the writer stepped into the auditorium Sunday morning there preceded him by a few seconds a familiar Mongolian form. It was that of the Rev. Jee Gam. Converted in the home of the first pastor of this church more than thirty years ago his earnest Christian life is telling in transformations among his people that are hastening constantly the coming of that day when upon the head of the Christ will rest all crowns. As we think of these things and others we cannot but conclude that it paid to leave Andover, hearkening to the call from far-away California.

It is better to serve God in solitude than to sin with the multitude.

Notes.

The Christian Endeavor Society of Plymouth church San Francisco has published a beautiful little book of sixty-four pages, entitled "Siftings," which are selections from sermons by the Rev. F. B. Cherington, the pastor of the church. The book contains an excellent picture of Dr. Cherington and many helpful and inspiring thoughts. From them we quote the following: "The clock in the tower of Westminster Abbey, just before striking the hour, rings out on its chime of bells, the music to the old couplet which runs thus:

All through this hour, be Thou my Guide,
For by Thy power, no foot shall slide.

All through the whirling tumult of the busy London day, and on through the mysterious watches of the night, every hour, that prayer rings sweetly out to strengthen the weak, encourage the despondent, and to be to all who hear it like the voice of a sleepless guardian angel, suggesting a heavenly vision of watch-care and loving solicitude, which no soul can be disobedient to without sad and irreparable loss. If our ears were rightly attuned to spiritual verities, we all could hear through the din, and bustle, and stress, of our daily lives, heavenly voices proclaiming the sleepless vigilance of divine love and power over us, in all the labors, duties, and experiences that come to us."

In an article on Meditation, in a recent number of the Pacific Christian Endeavorer, the Rev. Dr. George C. Adams presents the following thoughts that are well worth repeating: "The prevailing type of Christian life used to be monastic, when those who wished to be the best Christians possible locked themselves up in monasteries or nunneries, and spent the whole time in meditation and prayer. Some of the best books for help in Christian living might never have been written but for that practice. Now we have swung to the other extreme. We pride ourselves on being practical; we are bent on doing something. We belong to so many organizations that we have to keep a calendar on our desk and mark the date of the meeting of each and what we have to do, and then we hardly find time to satisfy our conscience which we have trained to keep tormenting us if we do not accomplish so much work in a given time. The Savior would not let his disciples begin their work in any such way. They were commanded to tarry at Jerusalem, and there they waited ten days, praying, and talking, and meditating on the resurrection, until they were ready for the Holy Spirit to descend upon them. If they had rushed into the conflict instantly after the ascension the probability is that the Spirit would never have come to them. Can we find

the golden mean between the monastic and the practical, or active Christian life? Can we resolve that a certain time each day shall be used in quiet, alone with God, in meditation? If we do and if we use this time rightly, it will soon become to us the most precious time in the day. It will gird us afresh for the battle and lift us above the drudgery of life. A leading business man of New York said that he had formed the habit of stepping for a few moments each noon into the great cathedral, and sitting down in one of the pews and resting. Like most active business men he found by noon his nervous system all wrought up, and his lunch was liable to be with other men, as nervous as himself. In the calm of the great church, shut out from the noise of the street, he spent a few minutes each noon, thinking, and then went back to his office rested and refreshed. It is what we need, and our growth in likeness to Christ would be far more rapid if we would insist on taking a little time each day for meditation."

A few years ago, before our recent war with Spain brought war so prominently to the attention of all our people, young as well as old, a little five-year-old boy was wont to say from time to time that when he grew up he would be a soldier. But one day he said: "No, I do not wish to be a soldier; I wish to be a general." When he was asked why he wished to be a general rather than a soldier, the reply was: "The soldiers get shot, but the generals do not." It was pretty good reasoning for a five-year-old, but his premises were faulty. Sometimes the generals do get shot. Witness, Reynolds at Gettysburg, Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville, McPherson at Atlanta and Lawton in the Philippines. Usually it falls to the commanding general to direct the battle from some safe position, but very often victory is achieved only when he emerges from that position and subjects himself to danger equally with those under his command. Historians tell us that in no other battle of the war was the immediate presence of the commander so important at the front as it was at Shiloh. Time after time the first day of that battle General Grant exposed himself to the same dangers as those to which subaltern officers were exposed. To his personal gallantry it has been said, was due in great measure the failure of the Confederates to gain a victory on the first day. On the second day at a critical time Grant led in an impetuous assault upon the enemy, sharing the dangers of the humblest private. But notwithstanding these facts it is rather remarkable what immunity great commanders have had from harm in battle. Commenting on the recent accident to Lord Roberts and the good fortune of commanders, an English paper says: "Wellington was hit

only once, and that slightly. At Waterloo he was untouched, while every member of his staff received a hurt. Napoleon was only known to be wounded once, slightly in the foot at Ratisbon. After his death a scar was found on his thigh, and it is said to have been inflicted by the bayonet of an English sailor, from whom he ran away at Toulon. Grant and Lee, the opposing leaders in the United States civil war, were both unharmed. So with Alexander the Great, who exposed himself recklessly; and Marlborough was equally lucky. The German Emperor, then king of Prussia, ran into considerable dangers in his wars of 1866 and 1870; Bismarck had once to seize his bride."

The Religious World.

At a recent Eevangelical Alliance meeting in London it was stated by a prominent speaker that fully one-half of the clergy and churches of the established order were wholly Romanized, and a considerable portion of the other half more or less so. The doctrines of the Ritualists were declared to be only Romanism under an alias.

Writing concerning Chinese Christians, the Rev. Charles Ewing of Peking says: "The first generation out of heathenism is seriously affected by the traditions, customs and superstitions amid which it has been reared. The second generation, learning Christian truth from its earliest days, is a credit to the church. The third generation compares favorably with the professing Christians of our own country. And so the Chinese are not a hopeless people, nor China a hopeless land.

An Eastern paper published in the interests of the Disciples of Christ offers itself for the year 1901 to Pacific Coast people for fifty cents. This of course covers only the cost of the white paper on which it is printed and the postage. Having a large circulation in the East, sufficient to meet all expenses, it can afford this offer. But it is not fair treatment, under all the circumstances, of the Pacific Christian, published in this city, and which can not be offered at less than two dollars. There is business in that offer, but it is minus Christianity.

Mr. Will Moody, who went to England recently in the interests of the Northfield work, has greatly endeared himself to many English people. The British Weekly states that all who have had personal intercourse with him believe that he will worthily maintain the institution founded by his father. Although it is his intention to carry on the Northfield work on the lines laid down by his father, he believes that the evangelical movements of

the future will adapt themselves to new conditions. He is quoted as saying: "I have been much impressed with the number of conversions which are taking place in the churches and in the course of the regular ministry. The great evangelists of fifty years ago, like Finney and others, have disappeared, and no younger men have risen to take their places. This need cause us no discouragement, for the churches are devoting time and strength to mission work within their own borders, and in England, as in America, ministers are becoming their own evangelists."

The Bystander.

The First Congregational church of Oakland has had three pastors during a period of forty years. These pastors stand for three distinct types of the American preacher. The first, Dr. George Mooar, is a fine representative of the older New England school, symbolized by one of the Andover elms—strong, sturdy, with qualities of permanence and modesty. Dr. McLean belongs to a type distinguished by qualities which have made a deep impression on the American pulpit. He represents a mixture of all the characteristics of the pastor, and belongs to the school of Storrs, Webb, Noble and Fisher. The present pastor, Dr. Brown, is of the school of the "new preacher," the latest type of American divine, of which Bishop Brooks was the pioneer and example.

There has been a complete revolution of the preacher,—an evolution in the direction of more direct and and possibly intimate relations with the community, and the people. The pulpit has moved nearer the masses. It may be that the man in the minister counts for more than his office. He has grown away somewhat from his ecclesiastical insignia and become more and more a man of affairs, a man among men. These types are not to be compared, but contrasted, so as to show the change of attitude between people and pastor. Corresponding with this change, has come a change in views of the Bible, theology, and the Kingdom of God. In short, the tendency has been toward the practical and positive in thought and action. The preaching is moving along a different plane, less theoretical, and more searchingly plain and single. The style of preaching has been revolutionized during the past forty years. The gorgeous style of Dr. Harris was a striking contrast with the direct presentation of Bishop Brooks. Oratory is made in a different mould. Read the sermons of Dean Farrar or Cardinal Newman and the straight forward sentences of Mr. Moody and you have an example of the distinction in mind. Dr. Hillis and Dr. Gun-

sauls are types of the twentieth century preacher as to personality, but not as to style, which belongs to the last decade. Lyman Abbott has projected both his personality and his delightfully concise English into the twentieth century way of doing and saying things.

The preacher of tomorrow will be a business man of affairs who knows how to think and speak with effect.

A FIELD FOR PREACHERS.

California is a great field for religious workers. He who is willing to take up the cross and use his talents in laying a strong foundation for a grand future will find ample opportunities here in this Western World. But California has suffered by the transient, who has sought vacant churches for matters of expediency rather than principle. We need today in our California Congregationalism men who believe sufficiently in the State to remain here, and who have a sincere desire to build up the kingdom. He who is constantly on the move, who goes here and there, restlessly hoping to find some great church, is not the man we need in California. The law of promotion is the fact of success. The Home Missionary Society is looking for the best men. No man is too good for Home Missionary work. It requires as much ability in preaching, and as much tact in the pastorate, to keep a small church running successfully as a large church. The sign which always hangs on the door of Superintendent Harrison's quarters is "Wanted, the best men for the worst places."

SMALL THINGS IN THE PASTORATE.

The Bystander has observed that in many churches where there is friction and trouble, the church work is run on narrow gauge tracks, which is to say trifles become ideals, and ideals become trifles. Both preacher and people become entangled in little things, little views of great things. They become local, provincial and narrow.

The Kingdom of God is a large place, and religious truths are large truths. When a man ceases to see the large things in his ministry and begins to dabble with the insignificant and secular, he loses his power, and narrows the scope of his influence. There are a hundred little personal worries one escapes by looking steadfastly at the highest ideals of the Church of Christ, and, forgetting the little annoyances, presses toward the prize. The work of the ministry is a definite and single work and when church quarrels come it is often found that people and pastor have taken their eyes from the cross, and looked too much at themselves and one another. They must learn the art of holding themselves to the highest, then the personal, local, sec-

ular, social, and even financial matters will by some strange unwritten law of adjustment take care of themselves.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst makes a point in favor of system in religion as follows: "Daniel was systematic in his religion. At nine and at twelve and at three o'clock he was accustomed to pray. It may seem absurd to talk about system in piety, and method in holiness, but we profess to stand by this absurdity and push it. You may call it clockwork Christianity if you choose. The old dispensation was inlaid with method, exactness and precision. Daniel not only prayed regularly three times a day, but he was accustomed to go to a particular room, before a particular window, and kneel down with his face towards Jerusalem. And Daniel was a safe man to trust in times of emergency."

Dr. Cherington spent Sunday at Palo Alto. He spoke very approvingly and encouragingly at the ministers' meeting on Monday of the Congregational church work in that town. Mention was made of the putting into a church edifice of about \$7,000 by the Baptist building society and appropriation of \$900 a year toward a pastor's salary. This, he termed "ecclesiastical statesmanship."

Friendship is like piety, and, indeed, like all the other virtues; they must all be fed and supported by those acts, and may be much upon the tongue, and yet very, very little in the heart. It is not talking, but doing in both, that cherishes and sustains them.—George Walker.

Mr. Nathan Blanchard, of Santa Paula, was a caller at Congregational headquarters last week. He was in attendance at the Fruit Growers' Convention. Mr. Blanchard is a staunch friend of The Pacific. While here he subscribed for several copies to be sent to friends.

Rev. F. Payne, recently pastor of the Congregational church at Victoria, B. C., is now in California. Mr. Payne did good work in a difficult field at Victoria, and comes with excellent recommendations from our brethren in Washington.

At the Monday meeting of the ministers an able paper was read by Rev. W. H. Scudder on "The Authority of Scripture." Next Monday was set apart for a discussion of the paper, Prof. Lloyd being appointed to lead.

The annual meeting of the Congregational officials will be held on Friday evening, Dec. 21st, 1900, at 8 o'clock, at Plymouth church, Post street, near Buchanan.—J. E. Agar, Sec.

An Anniversary Sermon.

BY REV. GEORGE MOOAR, D.D.

[Delivered on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of the First Congregational church of Oakland.]

Gal. i: 15, 16, 17—"But when it was the good pleasure of God . . . to reveal his son in me . . . immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood . . . but I went away into Arabia.

That is the memorable moment in any man's life when a great fact, truth, principle, or person stands clear and crowned before him. Certainly that was the supreme instant in Saul's life when that greatest fact, truth, principle and person, the Son of God, was revealed in him.

The expression used here to describe the crisis deserves to be noted. One of us might have said, 'When I accepted the Christian religion, or joined the church, turned a new leaf in life's book.' But here is a higher point of view, or a deeper insight—"When it was the good pleasure of God to reveal his Son in me."

Doubtless there was emphatic reason why Paul should conceive of the change in him somewhat differently from ourselves. For the circumstances accompanying the change were extraordinary. Most of us know Christ and have a measure of belief in him long before we become decidedly his followers. Yet, this difference does not account for the peculiarity of Paul's language here. For the zealous persecutor must have known before the day of his conversion who Jesus had claimed to be. Indeed, it has been plausibly suggested that his friend, Barnabas, had plied him with arguments and persuasions. What made the days of his arrival at Damascus monumental was not that now for the first time he heard that Jesus was the Christ, but that now, for the first time, that truth stood clear in his mind—wondrously clear and constraining—it was not merely to him, but in him.

This conception of what occurs in conversion is not then to be regarded as chiefly individual, exceptional, an experience appertaining now and then, here and there. More signal and striking this experience may be in one than in another, but we are nevertheless to regard the experience in our text as characteristic of that epoch in any life at which the life becomes thoroughly Christian. It is especially pertinent to recall the teaching in the gospel that the distinctive office of the Holy Spirit is to bring this illumination. "He shall glorify me; he shall take of mine and show it unto you."

Let me try to specify what occurs when the Son of God is revealed within any one of us.

There is, first, a realization of the historical fact given us in the evangelical story. This is that fact, so familiar to us, that Jesus, who

was born in Bethlehem and once walked the dusty paths of the Holy Land is the Son of God as no other member of the human family ever was before him or ever has been since. But it is one thing to affirm that and another thing to have the vision open to see its great meaning. Yonder mountain across the bay stands out no more sharply on the eye after the rain or the north wind has purged the haze from the air than does the son of man when the spirit of grace has done his promised work in the soul. So Bunyan, in his vivid way, tells us it was with him. "Methought," he says, "I was as if I had seen him born, as if I had seen him grow up, as if I had seen him walk through the world from the cradle to the Cross—when I have considered also the truth of his resurrection, and have remembered that word, 'Touch me not, Mary,' I have seen him as if he had leaped out of the grave's mouth." Undeniably, not all persons are charged with such realizing power as was Bunyan. It is also true that this power may be secured to a certain extent by specific culture. For example, it is said to be one aim of the Jesuit discipline to give to the mental perceptions the vividness of external vision. Some teachers have marked success in helping pupils to see what they describe. So Paul blames the Galatians for their being led away from the gospel, because he says, "Before their eyes Jesus Christ was openly set forth crucified." But what native imagination, specific culture, may do in a degree, the spirit of God does far more marvelously. How real to some of us becomes at times some woodland path, rock, tree, or winding brook of our childhood. Why, we might almost find ourselves reaching out the hand to pluck the flowers we used to pluck in early spring. So under the divine quickening the Christ of the gospels may live again to our clarified thought. Dr. Bushnell delighted to cite the case of Francis Junius, afterwards an eminent teacher at Heidelberg. When he was young he had fallen into loose ways and had nursed atheistic opinions. His father one day gave him a copy of the New Testament and asked him to read it. "At first sight," writes the son, "and without design, I light upon that august chapter of St. John—'In the beginning was the Word.' I read part of the chapter and am so affected as I read that on a sudden I perceive the divinity of the subject, the majesty and authority of the writing far exceeding all human eloquence. I shuddered, was confounded and so affected that I scarce knew myself." It was the moment of a new life, the revelation in him of the Word made flesh.

This revelation involves, likewise, insight into the great Christian principles. For

Christ was not an historical event only—he was the truth itself, the key to the secret of our race. He fulfilled the incomplete teachings of the prophets who had gone before him in the Old Testament. No less did he gather up into himself and his message the light that had been shining in Gentile wisdom. The principles that underlie life and godliness gained their highest expression in him. When we come to know him in the way of revelation, we pass into a new moral and religious world. There can be no better illustration than was given in the case of Paul. It is amazing how, in that moment of supreme illumination, the great Christian ideas passed into his mind. They flashed through all its chambers. They flashed with so sudden and bright a stroke that the Judaism of his inheritance and training, born and bred in his very stock, died in him. Religion is not letter but spirit; love, that is the fulfillment of the law; the sinful soul is justified by grace; faith, not proud works, is the way into the kingdom; the way is just as free to the Gentile as to the Jew—simple, but startling principles! They ran in Paul's new and clear sight through the entire fabric of human society. They were reconstructive of it. Those Thessalonian countrymen did not overstate the matter when they cried through the streets, "These that have turned the world upside down have come hither also." For once let Christ be revealed as the Son of God and Savior, and a radical principle is introduced which overthrows false systems of religion as surely as the idea of human equality undermines the despotisms of the world.

This revelation involves, thirdly, a disclosure of our Redeemer's personal grace and gifts. That noble missionary, Dr. Jessup, of Syria, when he heard of the death of his teacher, Dr. Henry B. Smith, could recall a certain occasion twenty-two years past, when he heard that teacher speak of an experience which came to him. The pupil could recall the very words. They were these, "When I went to Germany, I passed through an intense struggle with rationalistic doubt and unbelief. But in the midst of it all there came before me a vision of Christ so distinct, so sweet, of Christ as a person, a living divine and human Savior, that all shadows were driven away and I never doubted more."

How many thousands of men and women could respond to this utterance of the tried and victorious student. So when Dr. Bushnell traced the path by which, at a certain turning point he passed up into more life and fuller, he says, "I was set on by a personal discovery of Christ and of God as manifested in him." Why, even if we look only with the eyes of the prophets and psalmists

of the Old Testament; how delicate and winsome are those pictures the spirit gave them of the expected King," of him who was to have the tongue of the learned so that he could speak a word in season to him who was weary. But after his actual advent and speech and suffering, how did the thought of him thrill the affections of those whose eyes were opened to see the king in his beauty—whom, not having seen in the flesh, they loved; "in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Any one perhaps may repeat such words. For words are cheap. Professed, nay real, but transient and superficial esteem may be warmly expressed among men and women for one another. But we recognize a sacred difference. There is an appreciation of Christ felt on this earth which, if not always lavish in verbal and emotional expression, is a deep, dear and abiding peace, beauty and power.

But once more this inward revelation brings the penetrating conviction and constraint of the Redeemer's unique and utter authority. Here we are at the very heart of this matter. For our Savior does not get his place within us until the keys of the whole domain are in his hands. We are like one who has his house and grounds which he has occupied cultivated and cherished as though they were really his own. But the actual owner has appeared and claimed the premises. Many times he has been seen to go by and many times, as he passed, has he left the notice and evidence of his claim. He may have been allowed to enter the gate and to go about the grounds. Possibly, he may have been treated with a measure of civility and even have been invited to be an interior guest. But all this while he has been really outside. We have not said to him frankly, outright and without stint, This is your possession, not ours at all. Here are the keys. We put everything into your hands, and wait your bidding. Ah, when that is done, there is a revelation indeed. "If any man willeth to do his will he shall know of the doctrine. The veil that has hidden the complete authority from the eye is rent from top to bottom. That which rends the veil most of all is the death of this wonderful Son of Man. He who, in love for the world, dies for it, becomes an owner indeed. Sovereign by his moral excellence and the credentials of his divine commission, he becomes sovereign over my heart by his sacrifice. This is the way the author of our text loved to put it: "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." This is the familiar evangelical thought which was elaborated with some new freshness by Dr. Forsyth at our International Council. The

seat of authority for a race that needs forgiveness and redemption is the cross on which it was redeemed.

Under these four heads, then, I give a partial outline of what it is for the Son of God to be revealed in any soul: (1) The fact of his sonship in human history becomes real; (2) the radical principles of life and conduct which that sonship involves take form and power; (3) the personal grace and beauty of the Savior are invested with a new and undying charm; and (4), his unique authority consummated for us in his passion becomes both the guarantee and the power of the endless life.

The influence and direction which such a revelation must give to a disciple have already been suggested; they are involved in the outline we have been following. Bearing in mind, however, the language which Paul uses in the remainder of the verses we may indicate at some special points the sequence. "But when it pleased God * * * to reveal his Son in me * * * immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood, * * * but I went into Arabia."

One sequence is ardor of spirit, alacrity, zeal. "Immediately * * * I went." He went swift and hot as if shot from a gun. He was irrepressible. As they say in physics, heat produces motion and motion generates heat, that was eminently true of this man. Constraining love set him in activity and activity kept passing into love. This is the natural consequence of full disclosures. The heart begins to beat fast, the pulse runs high. Revelation is literally an unveiling, like that of some statue. Preparation has been going forward months. But at the appointed time the veil is drawn and the statue stands in full sight, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." So we have been long taught the things of Christ, but when these things really come to us they come with a bound. All at once we stand in the presence of our transfigured Lord. Do you see that he is what the gospel has long said? Do you see it as never before? Then your spirit is warmer than before. Do you perceive how the great spiritual and ethical principles bear upon your life and the social life about you? Then you are a reformer, and that fire is in your bones. Even if you become neither a Tolstoi nor a Sheldon, you get some of the same temperature.

Another sequence is the conviction of a mission. So Paul, "That I should preach him to the Gentiles." So Peter, "When after the resurrection the loving patience of the Master overcame him and he said, Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love thee," the reply came, "Feed my sheep." Visions are not vouchsafed for nothing. They mean business. They fore-

shadow some work. So we are told of Chas. G. Finney, that the very next morning after his eyes were opened to see the truth, though he had been retained to attend a suit at law, yet when his client came to remind him, the lawyer replied that he had a retainer from the Lord Jesus to plead his cause, and some one else must attend to the other case.

For, again, when Christ is thus revealed, not only is the sense of a mission deepened, but the judgment, the conscience of what it should be, is sharpened and expanded. "I conferred not with flesh and blood; neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me." They might have thought it needless, rash, to go away into Arabia. Is there not room enough close at home, among our own people? But if we have a vision we must be obedient to it. The biographer of Phillips Brooks tells us that in that young man's mind, when the question of his calling in life was lying long in balance—on one side the life that now is, aesthetic, literary, social, claimed him; on the other side the Puritan inheritance. But then it burst upon him "as by divine revelation, that all life was unity and that Christ was the glory and perfection of humanity." The Son of Man was imperial enough to rule both realms. Brooks needed not to have any misgivings as to what would issue, if he should go over and put the direction of his career in those hands. The questions of duty which puzzle us take on a different aspect when the motives that come from the cross are allowed to shape for us what the Lord would have us do.

So the local church in any place will be different in tone and policy according as it is founded and built on a membership in whose heart the Son of God is in any strong degree revealed. I have had frequent occasion to refer gratefully to a paper once printed in a magazine long defunct, in which it was set forth that the particular polity which this church adopted and has preserved is "the polity of the Spirit." It has no imposing hierarchy, no elaborate system of courts, no inherited glory of form or ceremony. It depends directly on the presence and power of the revealing spirit in its members.

What our text tells of Paul had been almost identically uttered by the Master of Peter when he said to him, "On this rock I will build my church." For the apostle had become a superior building stone by virtue of the new illumination in which he had beheld the Messiah. "Blessed art thou, for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father in heaven.

This particular church, my brethren, has had its forty years of blessing, because this same revelation of this fundamental truth has

been realized to such a degree in the experience of so many men and women who have gone out and in at its aisles and broken the bread and drunk the cup at its table. May this illumination continue for many generations yet to come. May this goodly fellowship be kept full and strong at this central home of our faith. But from time to time, as in the past, may chosen spirits in its membership be moved to go away, even from this happy home, into Arabia—the Arabia in the outlying wards of our expanding city, in the mountains and valleys of our State and in the great continents across the seas. When Mr. Lacy, of revered memory, preached the sermon at the organization which we today commemorate, his subject was, "The Great Mission of the Church on Earth," and he was bold to say to that handful of men and women, "Only as a working church, a Christian body fully alive and doing for the world's conversion, could they at all justify their call" to the name and privilege they were about to assume.

Self-Support.

BY REV. C. A. HUNTINGTON.

(Remarks at the late meeting of the General Association at Cloverdale.)

An evangelical sermon by an eminent preacher drew from a successful business man of the world the following:

"I would go a long way every Sunday to hear that man preach and I would always go with my hand in my pocket. It would be said of him, as it was said of Jesus, 'the common people (more literally the much people) heard him gladly, because he spake with authority,' and not as the scribes who always serve up a rehash of the dry homiletics of the ritual. The reason why ministers are so poorly paid is because they preach so poorly. People pay for preaching as they pay for other goods, according to its merchantable value."

"I don't understand," said he, "that it is the object of the missionary society to provide places for men who for lack of natural sense and acquired ability cannot get a hearing and cannot get a living anywhere among self-supporting churches, and for that reason palm them off upon frontier missionary districts, where the brightest, the most devout and attractive preachers are required to lay the foundations of Christian society and cement the walls of its rising superstructure with all the virtues of religion, of education, of truth and righteousness. It is not true that the common people hate truth; they hate the ignorance of ignorant pretenders, who literalize and materialize the word of God written in the language of symbol, and which taken literally comes as far short of its spiritual meaning as a lake of fire and brimstone comes

short of expressing the spiritual significance of the torments of hell, none of which are tangible to sense and all of which are within the soul. The common people love truth. Truth is the natural correlation of the soul, as light is the correlation of the eye and bread is the correlation of the stomach, and when served up in the simple but profound and instructive manner in which we have received it this morning, the common people will hear it gladly and will pay for it liberally."

This is not the language, mind you, of a sectarian pietist. It is the language of a successful business man of the world, who talks about the church as he would talk about the self-support of a railroad—which is impossible without the patronage of the people. In his conversation there is more truth than poetry, which it is not out of place to consider in connection with the subject now in hand. And it is in order here to inquire what makes any church self-supporting. What makes Dr. Bradford's church of Montcalm, Plymouth church and the church of the Pilgrims of Brooklyn, The Broadway Tabernacle of New York, Washington Gladden's church of Columbus, or any other great rich church—what makes them self-supporting? I will answer the question negatively. It is not because of their numerical strength or their financial strength. What then? It is the sanctified learning, the sanctified genius, the sanctified eloquence of their preachers, any one of whom stationed upon the outskirts of our frontier settlements would draw the people from far and from near, who would go down in their pockets for the bottom penny, one and all, to defray all expenses. Of course they are good men out of the pulpit, or they can do no good in it; but the pulpit is the fort of every man's power, supplemented of course more or less by the religious, the social and musical qualities of the accomplished pastor. But the "ne plus ultra" of every successful pastor is good preaching, without which no church, however rich and increased in numbers can be permanently self-supporting. If the Church of the Pilgrims any time in the last half century had exchanged Dr. Richard Storrs for an indifferent preacher, tacking the sterling qualities that raised him to the highest level of the clerical profession in all America, all the money in Brooklyn could not have supported that church. Empty seats and an empty treasury would have been the inevitable result. And this it is that will seal the doom of any church. Successful men of all successful churches turn the wheels of their success in the pulpit. Especially is this true in our mining, our lumbering and our agricultural districts, peopled by emigrants from the lower provinces from New England and all the East, born and reared

under the sound of the Gospel, heralded by men trained in all the wisdom of the schools and inspired by the higher wisdom that comes from God. They know what good preaching is, and they won't listen to nor will they pay for any other. And we charge it all to their depravity, ignoring the fact that they are the common people like those that followed Jesus and heard him gladly.

What the churches want and what the missionary society must have is the "sin qua non" of self-support—men that the common people will hear it gladly. Here I shall be contradicted by better men than I, and shall be told that I am invading premises where angels dare not enter when I say that in calling a pastor or in locating a missionary the taste, the feelings, and the choice of the common people should be consulted. The old way in the church of our order (which is still in vogue in some places) in calling a pastor was to consult the church exclusively and enter into negotiations for his settlement upon the authority of a church meeting, without reference to the common people outside of the church.

The question is will the communicants in the church supposed to be orthodox in all the traits of the creed, will they hear him gladly? If so, the refusal of the common people to hear at all is charged to their depravity and goes to the credit of the minister. I don't take any stock in that sort of reasoning. Jesus didn't take any stock in it. He preached to the sympathies of the common people and often found greater faith out of the church than he found in it. "I have not found so great faith," said he, "in all Israel as I have found in this pagan centurion."

It is ours to preach the gospel to the common people just as Jesus did. They thronged to hear him everywhere and heard him gladly. If they don't follow us and hear us gladly, it is because we don't preach as he preached and not because they hate the truth that he preached, for they heard him gladly.

The common people out of the church and all sensible people in the church are impatient of desultory talk unstudied, empty of thought and loaded with cant which some men call preaching and palm off upon the people hungering and thirsting for the truth of God, revealed in nature, revealed in the soul and in all the inspired poetry, history, drama and allegory of the divine oracles.

To answer this hunger of the human soul, in the church and out of the church, was always the aim of the Great Teacher in all his preaching. Nor is it true that he sought the ear of the common people by saying smooth things, or by giving the least quarter to their carnal security. No prophet or preacher ever put to rout every refuge of lies as does the

sermon on the mount, which the common people heard so gladly. It unmaskes all hypocrisy, it exposes all spiritual wickedness, and warns all men, in and out of the church, that except they hear his sayings the foundation of their souls will be like that of the house built upon the sand—it will fall, and great will be the fall of it. And yet the common people heard him gladly, because he preached with the authority that the human reason will accept, and not as the scribes whose only authority was the letter of commandment, the outer shell of the truth, and no more like it than the clam shell is like the living and life-giving meat that it is appointed to convey.

The common people heard the truth as it came from the lips of Jesus gladly because he gave them the vital seed of the truth which is spiritually discerned, and which ferrets out the crime of adultery in the lustful look of the sanctimonious Pharisee, and the cruelty of murder in the unholy anger of the self-righteous hypocrite.

We of the Congregational churches of California are on a still hunt for something that will lift us out of the slough of our financial despond on to the solid ground of freedom from debt and of moral potency in the great work of building up the kingdom of Jesus Christ on the ruins of Satan's empire, and we must have the glad co-operation of the common people.

There are well appointed churches in this State accessible by 300, some by 500 and others by 1000 of the common people, whose congregations from Sunday to Sunday, year in and year out, are limited to 100 or less, composed almost exclusively of the communicants who go to church not because they hear the preacher gladly, but because their Christian covenant makes it a conscientious duty to forsake not the assembling of themselves together as the manner of the multitude is.

My brethren, these things ought not so to be, and they would not so be if we who are ordained to preach could so preach that the common people would hear us gladly. There is nothing under heaven among men that can atone for the defect of preaching as one having authority and not as the scribes. Other things may supplement it, but they cannot atone for the lack of it. Neither artistic music, concerts, social meetings, young people's societies, receptions, entertainments, nor all the beneficencies of the institutional church; none of these things can give success to a church wanting the moral power of a preacher whom the common people will hear gladly. For if they hear us gladly they will co-operate with us kindly in our efforts for self-support.

I am an old man and have been in the church all my life. I have witnessed the suc-

cesses and failures of a good many preachers as well as those of my own experience, and I have long since settled one point in my own mind, viz: When we preach the preaching that God has bidden, we preach most to the liking of the common people. They respect the honesty and the fidelity of the man who always exercises himself to have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man. And they scorn the sycophancy of the politic time-serving preacher who panders to the pride of wealth and the selfishness of the selfish man for the sake of self-support—to get their money.

Our most direct way to self-support in my judgment is to so preach that the devoutest, the most intelligently conscientious Christians will hear us gladly, for only by so doing have we any right to expect that the common people will hear us at all.

Theological Freedom.

BY W. W. LOVEJOY.

Words, like coins, come, in process of time, to need reminting. 'Freedom' is such a word. There ought to be no uncertainty as to its moral equivalency. When one is in doubt as to the image and superscription there is need of a re-valuation. Since Adam "gave names" his descendants have exercised the same prerogative and the right is of divine intent and purpose it would seem. But though names become blurred and also wrongly attached, the process must go on for its educative value. The "Holy Alliance," with Metternich as pope, which sought to take away the liberties of the people in the name of political orthodoxy, was surely misnamed "holy." The doctrine of Freedom needs, perhaps, re-naming, at least re-statement. Nothing is so precious, so vitally related to our whole well-being as freedom.

Just as the Ross incident at Stanford university comes up this question of theological liberty emerges. They are both one. It is the old question of the liberty to think, the freedom of thought and of utterance—its correlate—the freedom of the scholar and of the searcher or truth. Is there no limit? None, we take it, but the limits which Love prescribes. With St. Augustine we may formulate it, changing a word—"Love, and think as you please."

It is assumed by some that full freedom of inquiry and discussion is not without "dangers," which dangers must circumscribe and fence off the liberty: i. e. progress and growth must be checked and the evolutionary forces at work so potently must be arrested by puny human caprice, and God left out of the account. Whether by a bolt from heaven, or by an eruption from beneath, "Orthodoxy" is very much a case of *dissecta membra* at pres-

ent. So far has the world advanced. Somehow the state of things in this regard is not unlike that of the Chinese empire. Who shall set up creedal tyranny again on its ancient scat, or must we content ourselves hereafter with jumping over the threshold? May we not rather trust Life in its spirit-guided, spirit-indwelt forces to furnish the only corrective we need. Is there any other corrective with any rights in the case at all? May we not give life its true play safely? Have we not in this age of the world passed (or are passing, or are called to pass) from the stage where for educative purposes we needed an external authority—as children do—to one where we are put to the test of our ability to stand alone, find our own nourishment, build up with the materials in our own environment a perfect Christ-patterned manhood? What meant the promised new dispensation else—the "law written in the heart" which Paul calls "the law of the spirit of life? Life may secure orthodoxy of the heart; creeds, alas! allow of horrible caricatures of Christian living, thinking and feeling.

It is our conviction that not till every shred and vestige of "orthodoxy," as an external, formulated thing, claiming authority over our beliefs and opinions, and supplanting the immanent Holy Spirit, has been burnt up on the fires of a consuming remorse and true repentance will we see a new baptism of the spirit. How can it come otherwise?

The appeal of Christ, of Christianity, is to the individual conscience in the sight of God. It never pretermits this appeal, or transfers it to any formula. This is the perpetual form of the New Testament gospel, for it seeks to develop man into true manhood. It discards and disowns the traditions of the fathers and the things that are old and ready to perish. It is an evolutionary force. Every new conquest and advance from Paul to Luther and onwards has been a break with the past and a call on the individual to exercise (without pressure or coercion) his own moral sense on the things given by the spirit. Arbitrary interference with this unmakes the man, destroys his integrity and abridges his power as in himself a particularized revelation of some facet of God's nature. It is just here that the stroke of heaven must fall if the work of salvation and the inbringing of the kingdom of love is to take place in one day. The church is confronted with this shame in the eyes of the world that she is in spirit false to her commission to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free. She still busies herself at times with hammering the rust off the old fetters, caring for her own name and prestige, and fails to show anew the love strong unto death.

Further, it is supremely idle, it seems to me, to interpret Congregationalism as a creed,

and not as a polity merely. It has a creed, or several, but they are not the reason of its existence.

Oftentimes in discussions of abstract questions it is well to keep down to the concrete, to personalize our facts. When Robt. Louis Stevenson did some thinking on theological questions both his parents denounced him as a "horrible atheist." Ill-health and time worked to prevent a complete estrangement, but the pain and distress of a twelvemonth left their mark as shown by several of his stories.

When will we cease to 'nag' each other in our religious life together? Why should there be any question between you and me as to the mysteries of the faith? We can never agree, we were never meant to agree—doubtless, not even in heaven. All I care to know about you, which you should also exact from me is the orthodoxy of conduct—that I strain every power of will and prayer and penitence to live a life of faithful love to those about me; that to my kin, my friends and neighbors I be morally "sound." Oh, for more of this orthodoxy, and the academic sort will have been banished to the limbo where it belongs.

Missionary Statistics.

Since October 1st, the Rev. E. E. Strong, D.D., editorial secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, has been engaged in the collection of the statistics of Protestant missions, especially the statistics for the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. The summary shows that the Foreign Missionary Societies of the United States have 920 stations, 6,891 outstations, 3,638 missionaries, of whom 2,211 are women; 17,565 native laborers; 4,135 churches; 352,470 communicants, who contributed last year \$706,977. The contributions from home and foreign sources for foreign missions were \$5,209,634. Canadian foreign missionary societies have 142 stations, 293 outstations, 377 missionaries, of whom 206 are women; 629 native laborers, 44 churches, 15,939 communicants, who contributed last year \$4,723. The Canadian contributions for foreign missions from home and foreign sources were \$372,949 last year.

The foreign missionary societies of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Continental Europe, Asia, Australia, Africa and the West Indies have 6,261 stations; 22,066 outstations; 13,096 missionaries, of whom 6,739 are women; 71,137 native laborers; 10,985 churches; 1,281,021 communicants, who contributed last year \$1,915,587. The total contributions for foreign missions in these countries from home and foreign sources last year was \$17,060,504. In nearly every particular, there has been an increase and in most par-

ticulars a large increase over the previous year. Dr. Strong has received fuller returns than heretofore.

In the number of communicants, however, there is a marked decrease over previous statements, which is accounted for by the omission of those enumerated in lands which are at least partly Protestant, and also of baptized adherents in some missions who should not be classed as communicants.

In all cases the figures are said to understate rather than overstate the work done.

The additions to the force of the American Board during the last year were 40—11 men and 29 women; but in the meantime, aside from the ordinary losses by death and withdrawal, there has been the wholly unprecedented loss of 13 missionaries in China who have met the martyr's death, so that the total force at present numbers 526—177 men and 349 women.

The Shansi mission which last year reported 16 members now reports but four. These four, at the time of the uprising, were on furlough in the United States.

Twenty years ago, in 1880, the number of ordained missionaries in the field was only four less than now, while the number of women has increased from 246 to 349. The most notable gain within the two decades is in the number of native laborers, which has increased from 1,269 to 3,472.

In the 20 missions of the American Board there are now 102 stations in which missionaries reside, and 1,268 outstations, where permanent work is carried on. In the 495 organized churches there is a membership of 51,699, of whom 4,523 were received on confession during the year. There are nearly 60,000 under instruction, of whom 7,839 are in the institutions of higher grade.

So far as the records show, there have been received to the churches connected with the Board 153,107 persons on confession of faith. Since the organization in 1810 the Board has received \$31,188,001 of which amount \$737,957 were received the last year.

The war in South Africa has entirely broken up missionary work within the territory of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colonies, but it has not disturbed to any great degree the work of the missionaries of the American Board in Natal. The Zulus have had no part in the conflict and the mission among them has prospered as in previous years.

A Christian directory for India reports that there are about 1,500 Protestant missionaries working among all classes. There are a little over 1,000 ordained Indian ministers, which is an increase of 200 within the last ten years.

Boston, December 7th.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

The Quarterly Meeting.

The quarterly meeting of the Woman's Board of the Pacific was held with the Pilgrim church, of East Oakland, the president, Mrs. Peck, calling the meeting to order at 10:30, December 5th, 1900. The hymn, "Hark, the Sound of Holy Voices," was sung, followed by a prayer by Mrs. Peck. The opening half-hour was devoted to the memory of the missionary martyrs of China. Mrs. Peck, who was personally acquainted with all of the missionaries, gave a short description of those who were killed, paying loving tribute to each one. Surely, those martyrs deserve their crowns if any ever did.

Mrs. Peck asked for prayer for the relatives of those missionaries in this country; then for another prayer for the relatives of the Chinese martyrs; then another for those in authority, that they might be guided aright in the performance of their duty; and a fourth prayer that the Boards of Missions may rise up and supply new missionaries to take the place of those who are gone. Mrs. Peck also read from Matt. x:34 and Rev. vii:9, and said that those who suffered so much here are rejoicing in heaven. The joy of heaven blots out sorrow. Quoting, Mrs. Peck said: "The redemption of China costs; it cost the death of Christ as well as that of the missionaries."

The recording secretary, Mrs. Bufford, read her report, which told of the annual meeting held in San Francisco.

Mrs. Peck spoke of having gone to see the Prices and Hydes and Miss Channel sail for Guam. Through a misunderstanding about the day of sailing, not many were there to bid them farewell. Alluding to Miss Denton's remark that she thought Japanese and Chinese in this country should be admitted to our churches rather than put them off by themselves, Mrs. Peck spoke of the liberal contributions of the Chinese Christians. They averaged five dollars a member in Southern China.

Recent news from our missionaries was given by Mrs. Foster. The death of Dr. Sang of the Shansi mission was mentioned. Mrs. Gulick's work among the Spanish girls is going on well, the school being still in Biarritz, but they hope to get back to San Sebastian before long.

Miss Denton of Japan is in Southern California, unweariedly telling of her work to many interested audiences.

Miss Perkins of India reports successful work in the girls' school and much good done

by the Bible women. Miss Gertrude Barker has done good work in which she is assisted by a new helper, who speaks Hindostanee well. Miss Barker is expected home next summer.

Mrs. Dorward of the Zulu mission is still out of health. In fact, they have been obliged to leave Ireland Home and move into Mr. Bunker's house temporarily. Mr. Dorward has again been ill from exposure in the damp old house. In spite of this he has the care of the station work in addition to teaching. Mr. Bunker being in America.

Miss Wilson of Kusaie writes of the great length of time since any ship had brought them supplies. They were reduced to almost the last they had, but the worst was having no mail. There had been much sickness in the schools and medicines were nearly or quite used up.

Mrs. Baldwin of Brousa writes interestingly and encouragingly of her school and of the four last graduates; also of the kindergarten. Since the end of the term Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin have been absent from home for their health. They much enjoyed their little trip.

Mrs. Farnam, the foreign secretary, is now in Constantinople. She expects to go, soon, to Jerusalem. She is much benefited by her stay abroad and hopes to come home in April next.

The treasurer, Mrs. Dodge, reported the receipt of \$420.60 for the first quarter of the year, and \$45 for the Twentieth Century Fund. Here Mrs. Peck made an appeal for this fund, asking all to do what they can for it themselves and asking friends to contribute. She emphasized the fact that only special gifts were to be made for it, nothing to be withheld from the regular contributions. The \$2,000 asked from our state should all be raised by the first of March.

Miss Flint made a report from the Young Ladies' Branch.

Mrs. Wilcox said the annual reports would soon be out, ready for mailing. She also reported a letter from Long Beach, asking for missionary literature, which she has for distribution.

Letters were read by Mrs. Jones from Mrs. A. H. Smith and Miss Grace Wyckoff of China. These we hope to publish in The Pacific.

Mrs. Peck read a letter from Mr. Frear, in which he told of the mails to Micronesia. A steamer of the Jaluit Gesellschaft makes four trips between Sydney and Micronesia next year. A North German Lloyd steamer makes three trips between Sydney, Ponape and Hongkong. The Prudential Committee has decided to build a vessel of two hundred tons gross, with gasoline auxiliary power, in place of the Morning Star. It will be somewhat smaller than the Star and will be used at first

for inter-island work. A large printing press leaves next week for Kusaie. A large amount of mail also goes.

After adjournment, a bountiful and appetizing lunch was served, testifying to the fact that there are good cooks in Pilgrim church.

Reassembling at 1:30, Mrs. Burbank conducted the exercises of the devotional half-hour, taking for her subject "Consecration," illustrated by the life of Harriet Newell.

Taking the chair again, Mrs. Peck gave out the hymn, "O'er the Gloomy Hills of Darkness," afterwards calling on Miss Agar to tell us about her wish to become a missionary. Miss Agar wishes to have a year in the Moody school in Chicago for preparation; then to work for the Master where it shall be best.

Mrs. R. L. Scudder of the Arcot mission in India then gave an interesting talk about the mission work in that country, showing clearly how the work is done and closing by asking where retrenchment could be practised.

A solo, "The Hills of God," was given by Miss Ryder, after which came an interesting paper by Miss McClees on "What the Century has wrought in Spain." This paper will be published later.

Mrs. Raymond Brooks favored us with a beautiful solo, "If I Were a Voice," after which a collection was taken and a vote of thanks passed for the ladies who provided the lunch and decorated the church so prettily and provided the music.

In speaking a few farewell words, Dr. A. P. Peck said he had enjoyed his stay on this Coast and the friends he had made and was grateful for the pleasure he had received. He hardly knew what he was going back to. Great changes have taken place in China, many old friends have gone. More Christian control is needed in China. A burden of responsibility is laid on Anglo-Saxons and on Christian churches.

Injustice has been shown to the Chinese. The Chinese missionaries have lost almost everything. It is a good opportunity to give China an object lesson. Much money is needed to restore the buildings and provide means of living. Many questions will have to be settled. There will be little mission work to do, but plenty of organization.

The closing prayer was made by Mr. Frear and the meeting was adjourned.

The India Famine Legacy.

Editor of the Pacific: If your readers could step into the famine orphanages, I have recently visited in Gujarat and some parts of the Deccan, two things would follow: first, their eyes would be filled with tears, and their hearts ache with pain at the sight of little chil-

dren slowly dying from causes due to starvation. And secondly, as they looked into the faces of the bright-eyed boys and girls, who have by careful nursing been saved from the death others are dying, the nobleness of saving such life would draw money from even the tightest purse.

While speaking generally the famine is over, because of a favorable monsoon, it must not be assumed that suffering has ceased, and that no further help is needed. Local failures of rain still occasion distress in certain sections of the country. Wrecks of humanity are still common enough in villages and towns, doomed to die from digestive organs hopelessly impaired. It is, however, children that now call for the most sympathy. Where adults may find work, there, children are still starving, because they find none to care for them. With returning prosperity parents and friends are hunting up their own, but the friendless find no one to give them food. Hence the number of children in a starving and dying condition is still large in some of the worst famine districts. There is also good ground for believing that as soon as the relief works are entirely closed, and the famine poor-houses emptied, and the occupants sent back to their villages, the brunt of the suffering will come on the children. Those with friends will be cared for, those who have none will find little sympathy in these days of cruel impoverishment. What the total number of famine orphans may be, has not been carefully estimated. The Hindu is naturally kind to his dependent relatives, and with returning prosperity the greater number of famine orphans will doubtless find a welcome in their old homes, but 25,000 at least so far as present statistics are available are a permanent famine legacy to the missionaries who have been rescuing dying children from their sad fate. These rescued boys and girls will find no claimants, and missionaries must act as their fathers and mothers, feed them, clothe them and instruct them in such industries as will yield them an honorable support.

But where is the money to come from to feed so many? American missionaries turned to America to help save the starving when the famine was sore in the land. They have no other place to turn to now but to those very friends of India who helped once before. The cost of caring for a child is from \$15 to \$25 a year, according to the school and the character of the training to be given. To care for these 25,000 children is thus not a very great financial problem for lands of wealth and practical sympathy. America's millionaires have a rare chance to assume the support and training of whole orphanages of a hundred, or five

hundred children, and the man or woman of humbler means, the churches, the Sunday-schools, and Christian Endeavor Societies have each but to take the burden of a child or two and the problem is solved. The missionaries who directly saved their lives will give them their time and thought and care; and this united effort will bring great good to India out of a great sorrow.

Kind-hearted givers in America have had their sympathies touched by the ghastly photographs of famine children, but the living boy or girl, who is on the borderland between life and death, with sunken eyes, fleshless arms and legs, shrunken abdomen, moaning for food but without power to eat it, is a sight painful beyond expression. Add to this the famine sore-mouth, the running sores, the living mass of maggots that burrow in festering sores, the distressing forms of dysentery, and the like—all this makes a famine orphanage in its hospital wards, a place where one's heart breaks at the sight of childhood's suffering. On the other hand, one can hardly conceive of a place more blessed, or nobly worthy of help, than the rooms and grounds, where the happy boys and girls, saved by careful, loving nursing, forget past sorrows and laugh and play, and grow plump and round with wholesome food. He must be a miser indeed, who, looking into their faces, does not become a generous philanthropist.

Justin E. Abbott.

Bombay, India, October 25th, 1900.

A Homily for Home Missionaries.

BY REV. A. N. RAVEN.

"If any will not work, neither let him eat."
—St. Paul.

The majority of the churches, both Presbyterian and Congregational, on the Pacific Coast, at least in the State of Washington, are home mission churches. The great influx of people from all sections of the country will call for the organization of many new churches and make increased demands upon the Home Board for money.

The writer was for several years a member of the Home Mission committee of a large Presbytery. As such he invariably cast his vote against giving money to churches that would not work. He had, and still has, an abhorrence for that form of piety that will coddle a congregation, let it go along making no effort to better its condition, gloss over unpleasant facts in quarterly reports, and all the while reach out imploring hands to the Home Board for help. He knows what a difficult matter it is to get money in the East sufficient for the demands of the missionary work in the West, and he has always been of the belief, a be-

lief confirmed after eight months in the work in the West, that more systematic and persistent effort on the part of missionary churches to help themselves would result in relieving the Home Board of many burdens.

Our mission churches should be under close supervision, not only by the State superintendent, but also by the Home Mission committee of the association. The committee of the association should be assured of the theological fitness of the pastor. If a pastor does not stand for the highest type of orthodoxy represented by the conservative churches of the East, the churches and men and women who make the largest contributions to Home Missions, then the church he serves should not receive Home Mission money. Again, the committee of the association should know whether or not the temporal affairs of the mission church are conducted on business principles. And, finally, the committee of the association has a right to know whether or not the church is willing to co-operate with its pastor in aggressive work.

Brethren, the next ten years on the Pacific Coast will mean much for Christianity. It is no time for trifling. Let there be a quickened conscience in this matter of receiving aid. And, my brethren, if you are serving a people that will not work, inform the missionary committee of that fact, step down and out, and if no other church wants you, then—"chop wood."

The Week of Prayer.

January 6th to 13th.

SUGGESTIONS BY THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

Sabbath, January 6th—Appropriate sermons and services.

Monday—Prayer for a better realization of spiritual truth and a better estimate of spiritual realities; a clearer vision of the redeeming Christ, and of the actual need and the divinely intended glory of the world which he redeemed.

Tuesday—Prayer for a church which, through faith in Christ and by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, shall be wholly Christian, doing God's will and winning the world to Christ.

Wednesday—Prayer for such Christian character and life as shall be pleasant in the home, honored in business relations, welcomed in the neighborhood, helpful in the church—personal religion being thus manifested in its rightful attractiveness.

Thursday—Prayer for right relations in society and the nation, with the Golden Rule obeyed as between man and man, and all social and political action guided by justice and good will—the Christian ideal.

Friday.—Prayer for all international relationships and all international action, that they may be based on the Christian principles which apply to the individual—the reign of the Prince of Peace.

Saturday.—Prayer for all missionaries and all missionary organizations, that being wholly inspired by Christian devotion and wholly guided by Christian wisdom, they may speedily and triumphantly fulfill the Savior's last command.

Sabbath, January 13th—Appropriate sermons and services.

When an earnest energetic pastor desires of his church council some urgent and important thing, his heart always sinks in despair when his request is turned over to "a committee." Many pastors realize the force of what Robert Hall says: "Had the ark been built by a committee, it would never have been finished."

Something New for Girls and Boys.

DURING the past year "St. Nicholas" Magazine, which has been for nearly thirty years the leading children's monthly magazine of the world (and now the only one), has introduced several new departments which have been extremely attractive and have greatly increased the circulation. One of these is

"NATURE AND SCIENCE."

"Don't bother me—I'm too busy" is too often the remark from a grown-up person to a child who really wants to know. The editor of "Nature and Science" gives careful attention to every question asked by his young readers, and "We will write to 'St. Nicholas' about it" has become the motto of the department, which contains interesting short articles, beautifully illustrated, telling of four-footed animals, birds, insects, water animals, plants, and whatever pertains to Nature.

"ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE."

Is an organization of those who read the magazine (whether subscribers or not), without dues, and it offers prizes each month for the best drawings, photographs, poems, stories, puzzles and puzzle answers. Some of the work sent in by young folks shows surprising talent.

No one who does not see "St. Nicholas" can realize what an interesting magazine it is, and how exquisitely it is illustrated; it is a surprise to young and old. Of literature it contains the choicest, and in art it has never been surpassed by any grown folks' periodical. The new volume begins with November, 1900, and the subscription price is \$3 a year. If there are children in your home, you can hardly afford to be without it.

Boys and Girls:

Who read this advertisement and who wish to find out more about the St. Nicholas League and its system of monthly prizes may address, without cost, The St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.
The Century Union Square, New York.

The Sunday-School.

By Rev. F. B. Perkins.

Fidelity Enjoined and Rewarded. (Luke xix: 11-28.)

Lesson XII, December, 23, 1900.

Prof. Stowe used to say, quaintly and tersely, that "parables don't run on all fours." He meant that one must not try to interpret a parable as if it contained a whole system of theology, or as if every stroke of the painter's brush must be forced to yield a spiritual sense. A parable is an illustration, making clear one or two important phases of truth. These are the heart of the picture; other features are added, singly as adjuncts, which make the story complete, but are not to be pressed in the interpretation.

The parable of the pounds was suggested, so the evangelist tells us, by our Lord's nearness to Jerusalem, where His great sacrificial work was to be consummated, and by the prevailing notion that the kingdom of God, i. e. the new social order, was to be immediately inaugurated. The end designed in it was the correction of this misapprehension and persuasion to a life of practical Christian service.

Stated briefly the parable impresses upon us the duty and the reward of fidelity.

1. Jesus, like the nobleman of the story, was to go away in the interests of his kingdom, not deserting, but only temporarily withdrawing himself, and this in order to more firmly establish that "righteousness, peace and joy," which are its vital characteristics. Departure and return—both were facts, and equally certain. The subsequent history of the world is epitomized in these statements.

2. It was an important mission on which the nobleman was setting out, viz.: "to receive for himself a kingdom," i. e., have his title to it confirmed; and this was more than a formal proceeding, for behind him he was leaving, not only "servants," but "citizens"—loyal friends, and those who "hated and would not have him reign over them." That also is true of Christ's relations to the world.

3. Before leaving Jesus tells us this would-be king calls together a selected few of his house servants, and entrusts to them a small sum of money, the same to each, with directions to invest it in the way which should seem to them wisest, and to account for it. He imposes no other conditions. They were to be absolutely free, but they would be held to strict accountability. What was his motive? Evidently not revenue. The smallness of the trust was conclusive as to this. But he was testing them, as to their fidelity, measuring them as to their capacity, and training them for services, which, he foresaw,

would be needed if he were successful in his enterprises. It was quite in a line with a father's course in giving to his son an animal or a bit of ground, and then watching what would come of it. It was a shrewd movement and one admirably fitted to bring out what was in those men. And this again was precisely akin to Christ's own training of his apostles; by graduated responsibilities fitting them for the larger work to which they would be called. It is the key to unlock the mystery of our lives, too—the interpretation of God's providence regarding us. From little to large, from brakeman to president, from earth to heaven, this is the divine law. On this tenure we hold all God's gifts and graces; our faculties of mind and body, of head and heart; our advantages of birth or education, friends and possessions. They form a trust fund to be administered and accounted for "when he comes." Free from every other constraint, we are his servants still. In this view of the parable the smallness of the entrusted funds and their even distribution are very significant. Fidelity, not capacity, is the heart of the parable. It differs in this respect from that reported by Matthew (xxv: 14-30). Simply as a trust for testing fidelity, a small amount is as good as a larger one, even better. An inferior station, menial service, obscure lives, not seldom put fidelity to a severer strain than the most impressive public trust. The colored girl, whose new life shows itself by conscientious "sweeping behind the doors," had in that faithful discharge of a humdrum duty better evidence of regeneration than some who have posed as martyrs. It is the little things that count. Faithful in little is the best pledge of faithfulness in much.

4. Let us pass to the reckoning day. It came for the nobleman's servants. It will come for all. When? At death? At the great assize? Opinions differ. It is not worth our while to pause to discuss what cannot be settled. But it is a fact. And here again the parable comes to our aid. Both of the faithful ones receive equal commendation. The charge against the third was, not that he had been unsuccessful, but that he was unfaithful; he had not tried to administer his trust. And that is the only ground upon which any soul will be condemned of God. But observe. It is not merely vicious living which exposes one to his lord's displeasure. Idleness is a sin, and idleness, in this connection, means spiritual neglect; neglect of the trust committed to him is a heinous offense. The very excuses offered by the recreant servants, so far from exculpating, are aggravations of his offence. And that is equally true as regards the reason by which so many strive to justify

their self-indulgent lives, and their refusal to enter heartily upon God's service. Grant all that may be claimed as to the strictness of the conditions of service, so much the more reason is there for painstaking fidelity.

5. The reward of fidelity brings out another feature. Four cities, five cities—there is an appearance of favoritism here; but we must remember that this is no longer a question of approval, only of capacity. The approval is based solely upon fidelity, the assignment of service is determined by capacity. Small holdings, fidelity being equal, are every whit as honorable as those more conspicuous, and for a man of mediocre ability they are infinitely preferable. If he cannot fill as well as occupy a place, if he cannot do good service,—not simply do it—then a large place is not as honorable for him as an humbler station. It is the human failure to realize this fact, which puts so many round sticks in square holes, and leaves so much unoccupied space around the occupants of offices which men have sought for themselves. God does not love Booker Washington more or regard him with more approval than many others of his race. It may be that his influence upon the world is not more widely beneficent than that of many an unknown fellow-laborer; his distinction is due to the fact that God has a work to do for the colored race, demanding in its agent, not only fidelity, but a mental calibre and experience such as are combined in Booker Washington; and so he, not they, comes to the fore as president of Tuskegee college.

Upon the doom of the unfaithful servant we must pause only long enough to say that it follows the great providential law of the universe. The reward of good work is more work, of opportunities improved, larger and better opportunities. And, correspondingly, from him that has persistently misused his advantages, the penalty is the removal of opportunities for service. The other servants standing around do not understand. "Lord," they say "he already has ten pounds." Why add to his abundance? Yes, but now the point to be secured is not reward of merit, but the most effective service: therefore, "to him that hath shall be given."

Do we realize it—that all this may go on within the sphere of grace?—that this "wicked and slothful servant" is not one of the rebellious citizens, whose fate is destruction, but a servant still, one who may be saved as by fire, as if he rushed, empty handed, from a burning house? and that for such also there may be "wailing and gnashing of teeth" over wasted opportunities?

And now for the closing scene, in which the spirit of this parable is illustrated in act

as well as by word. There was time enough for Jesus to heal the blind beggar—time enough to guide the publican's wayward steps back to his Father; time enough to utter this solemn lesson in the ears of the people. But, this done, the old compulsion reasserts its sway, and he went on before going up to Jesus alone."

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

The Glory of Christ. (John i:1-14.)

Topic for December 23d.

(Christmas Meeting.)

In all our religious vocabulary I suppose there is not a word which carries such an indefinite impression as this word glory. For some reason we cannot avoid the conclusion that the chief quality of this term is that of beauty or brightness or some delightful spectacular effect. There is some reason for this in our usage of the word in speaking of common objects about us. Our most frequent application of the term is to such things as are bright, sparkling and attractive to the eye. Thus it has come to be the use in relation to God and Christ. We ring the changes on that word almost indefinitely. I have just read a Christian Endeavor article of about twenty-five lines where the term glory is used eighteen times. There is nothing in the article to determine any meaning in the word excepting a reference to what appeals to the human eye. * * *

Now I do not intend to go into a lengthy discussion of this suggestion. I want to call your attention to this fact, and to ask you to take the Bible and make a study of this term in its relation to God and to our Lord. There will be one result at least, and that is this: the word glory will receive a definite meaning and not be to you a mere jingle for some brilliant mystery which you cannot express in any other way. Even the transfiguration scene, which is the cause of much of the visionary reference in this word, was not given for its effect upon the human senses. It was to disclose to discouraged disciples the divine origin, connection and power of their Master. (See Mark 8th and 9th chapters.) It was to convince them of the other hemisphere of his character in contrast with his mission of suffering and violent death at the hands of his enemies, of which he had recently been speaking and which had so overcome his disciples a week before. * * *

This suggests the real meaning of this word in the Scripture. It has reference to the revealed perfection of God or of Jesus Christ, his Son. In the 17th of John Jesus prays "that they (his disciples) may behold my

glory which thou hast given me." Previously in the same prayer he had said: "The glory which thou hast given me I have given unto them." Surely this cannot refer to any visible splendor or effulgence. The term takes us up above and beyond anything spectacular. For note the reason assigned for giving to his disciples the glory received of the Father. "That they may be one even as we are one," he adds. This is the perfected character as children of God. To seen the glory of God is to know him in his perfection. To glorify God is to know and point out, whether in praises or in any other way, the Creator in the perfection of his attributes, his works and his relation to the universe. * * *

The glory of Christ, then, is the perfection of his character as our Saviour. In love, in power, in sympathy with us in our needs, in knowledge of our conditions, in ability to enter into our lives and lift us up to our perfection, there is nothing wanting, no defect and no possibility of addition. When Jesus Christ is before us in this way, we behold his glory. When we so present him to others by such a life as this view of him cultivates, and by our treatment of our Saviour in worship and service, we glorify our Lord.

You and I will be glorified when we reach the perfection which a human being can attain. The glory of an angel is not being something else than an angel, but in being perfect as an angel. The glory of a human soul is not in becoming something else, but in becoming as complete and perfect as a human soul can be. The glory our Lord, likewise, is in being complete as our redeemer. * * *

This does not bear upon our celebration of Christmas. We cannot spare a star or a taper or any of the brilliancy of our Christmas festivities. But it will all be a hollow mockery and a useless glitter, unless we are taken beyond the glare of light to the very presence of Christ and behold anew the marvelous perfection of the Christ-child beginning to travel the human pathway, meeting its tasks, its temptations, its sufferings and its death with divine victory for our sakes. The vital question at this season is: "Shall you and I behold the glory of Jesus on this Christmas day?" More than ever will his perfection—his completeness as our Saviour—impress itself upon our souls to give us comfort, to inspire us with courage, to make us steadfast and to nerve us for service? When John had beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten of the Father, then he saw him, understood him and believed in him, as the Word, as the Creator, as the source of life, as the light of men, as bringing us to the right to become the children of God and as "full of grace and truth." Let us have a care lest with all our flash of

light and ring of music and glow of colors we present to our children a spectacular Christ, a delight to the senses, rather than the glory of our Lord, of whose "fulness" we are to be filled until we are glorified together—his perfection and our perfection in fellowship, for we shall be like him when we see him as he is.

The Home.

Ever Near.

How infinite and sweet, Thou everywhere
And all-abounding Love, Thy service is!
Thou liest an ocean round my every world of care,
My petty every-day; and fresh and fair
Pour Thy strong tides through all my crevices,
Until the silence riples into prayer.
And I should fear, but lo! amid the press,
The whirl and hum and pressure of my day.
I hear Thy garment's sweep, Thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern Thy gracious form, not far away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless.

—Susan Coolidge.

"One of the Sweet Old Chapters."

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

Mother was dying, and we, her grown-up children, were gathered in the old-fashioned room to witness the closing scene. We had known for some time that it was coming, for she walked with a feebleness each new day, and a sweeter smile rested upon her face every time we looked into it. Mother's smile had always been very sweet to us, but it seemed to become more tender and heavenly as the days went on, and we sometimes thought that she was looking right into the glory of the better life. Her eyes grew brighter at times, just as though unseen hands had lifted the thin veil between this world and the one to which she was going.

All that day we sat or stood around her couch of death, although it did not seem like death at all. The smile lingered constantly on her face, and her eyes were as clear and bright as the summer sky. She was evidently too happy to talk to us, and too much absorbed in heavenly things to notice earthly scenes. Sometimes her thin lips moved as if in prayer, and once she sang in a tremulous voice, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

None of us dared to weep in mother's presence, even if we had felt like it, for we caught, too, something of her holy joy and peace. So we could do nothing but smile also, as we stood around her bed.

Just as the light of the setting sun crept into the west window and fell upon her pillow she suddenly said:

"Read to me one of the sweet old chapters."

"Which one, mother?" we all asked in unison as the old family Bible was brought out.

She did not answer, and one of our num-

ber began to read the last chapter in the book that she loved so well. When the fifth verse was read she, too, repeated the words:

"And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light and they shall reign forever and ever."

We thought that mother did not notice any more of the chapter as it was read, for a far-away absent look crept over her face and she kept repeating that one verse.

Soon a sweet, solemn stillness settled down upon her, and we knew that her happy soul had gone home. At first we thought that the sunlight upon the pillow had stolen up to her face and thus glorified it, but we soon saw that it was a fairer light than of setting sun. The peace of heaven was hers at last, and she would never need to listen again to "one of the sweet old chapters," for all of its precious promises had been fulfilled and blossomed out into eternal joy.

How sweet to meet the Master with the wedding garment on—how blessed to drift out upon the pulsing sea with every white sail unfurled in the pure breezes. Mother was ready to go, and this was why she went so sweetly away with the King of Glory.

How Pins Are Made.

First, a reel of brass wire is taken of suitable thickness. The wire passes over a straightening board, after which it is seized by two jaws, and a cutter descends and cuts it off, leaving a projecting part for a head. On a withdrawal of the cutter a hammer flies forward and makes a head on the pin; then the jaws open, and the pins drop on a finely ground metal plate, with the heads upward, until the end to be pointed comes into contact with a cylindrical roller with a grinding surface, which soon puts a fine point on the pins. They then fall into a box ready to receive them, and are ready for the second stage. After they are yellowed or cleaned, they are tinned, or whitened, as it is called. The pins are now ready to be placed in papers. One girl feeds a machine with pins, and another supplies the machine with paper. The pins fall into a box the bottom of which is made of small, square steel bars, sufficiently wide apart to let the shank of the pin fall through, but not the head. As soon as the pins have fallen through the bottom of the box and the rows are complete, the bottom detaches itself, and row after row of pins is sent at regular intervals to be placed in the papers.

The following definition cannot be easily improved: "Religion is an applied, not an abstract, science; it is the art of right living."

Our Boys and Girls.

The Story of a Star.

Adapted from the Indian Legend, "The Star and the Lily."

Once there were eight beautiful star sisters. When the sun had set they stole out and looked down upon the earth with kind, shining eyes. They all loved to watch over the men and women and little children, but one of the sisters loved the little earth children so dearly that she longed to slip down from the sky and play with them and live with them always. The brown Indian children would look up at the evening sky and say, "Mother there are one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight sister stars." Then the star sisters would sparkle beautifully.

But this one star was not happy to live so far away from the children she loved. There were so many stars to shine all night she would not be missed if she went down to earth. And she had another wish, too; she longed to see the wonderful sun. No matter how early she peeped out, the sun had gone, and she could only see the rosy clouds in the west through which he had passed. This star loved the moon dearly, but she knew that she would love the sun even more dearly; for the sun watches over little children all day, plays with them and makes the world beautiful for everyone. The moon watches over the sleeping children, and though the star loved to see the brown babies sleeping in their mother's arms, she knew she would be very happy if she could play with the children in the day time, when they were wide awake.

All the stars listened when an Indian mother sang a lullaby to her little ones; and this is what she would sing:

Swinging, swinging, lullaby!
Sleep thou, sleep thou, sleep thou,
Little daughter, lullaby!
Your mother cares for you.

The star thought this was very sweet to hear, but she longed to see those little children wide awake. So one soft summer evening she slipped away from her sisters and came down to earth—oh, so swiftly! One little child was awake, and pointed, saying: "Mother, see the falling star!"

The star did not stop upon the mountain-top, for there the children could not reach her; the wide meadows would be too hot for the little feet. She passed the tree-tops, though they begged her to stay. At last she reached a pond, all dark and still, fringed with tall grasses. The star saw the faces of her sisters reflected in the water, and she joyfully rested there.

"This shall be my home," she said; "the water is pure and tranquil like the sky. I can see my sisters' faces so near me reflected

beautifully. Here the dear children will come and play where it is cool and sweet, and here the canoes of the brown fathers will dart in and out among the grasses."

In the morning when the children came out to the pond to play, there was a perfect white lily resting gently on the water. Golden rays, like those of a star, shone from its pure heart. The children loved it dearly; they touched it softly, and called it strange, sweet names; but they did not disturb it, leaving it to float quietly in the sunshine. When the sun smiled down the lily trembled with joy; she breathed a deep sigh, she was so happy, and as she breathed the air was filled with fragrance. All day the children played at the water's edge; all day the lily watched them, loving them more than ever. In the still evening, one by one the sister stars stole forth in the sky, looked down and smiled upon the one who had left them. And all the people, looking up at the stars, wondered where the eighth sister had gone.

Look up at the evening sky when there are no clouds, when all is clear and tranquil, and count the group of sister stars—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven; and then think of the one who loved little children so dearly that she was glad to come and live among them as a pure white lily of the water.—Edith Worthington in Kindergarten Magazine.

The Cook's Adventure.

BY T. DWIGHT HUNT.

One day the cook made up his mind to give everybody a surprise for dinner. The bill of fare had not been very sumptuous for a long time. The garden for some reason was backward, and the oldest spring chickens were hardly big enough yet for broilers, although it was July. A wild currant pudding, therefore, would prove most acceptable. So after washing the breakfast dishes he set out with a ten-pound lard pail on his arm, letting Murphy follow for companionship.

The currants grew along the bank of a deep ravine on the far side of some hills a mile back of the house. He had found them once while getting a load of wood. Indeed, it was not a great way from where Murphy had been chased by the coyote, and that little dog remembered the experience well enough not to wander out of sight of his friend. Great rocks, some as large as small houses, peeped out from among the thickets of oak-scrub which covered the steep hillside; while the ravine itself resembled some giant staircase, it was so choked with huge boulders.

But hard as it was to get to the place, the cook felt well repaid when he found the bushes loaded with ripe fruit. Indeed, there were

so many currants, and the day was so bright, and the mountains so clear, that he wished he had brought along a bigger pail. It would have given him an excuse to stay longer. Overhead an eagle cut the blue in vast circles; while below robins, thrushes and mocking-birds warbled and trilled, and the mountain blue-jays—like so many living patches of that dreamy sky—chattered and flashed in the warm sunshine. And little Murphy, up to his ears in banks of columbines, went skipping about in sheer delight.

The cook did not try to pick clean, but just rambled along, stopping only where he could pick the easiest. By the time his pail was full he had reached the foot of the hill. Here a wide-spreading fir tree grew on the bank opposite; while, as if it had fallen there for the purpose, the trunk of a dead one exactly spanned the ravine close by, forming a perfect natural bridge. The cook took one look at the tempting shade, felt for his pipe, then started to mount the log. But he had no sooner steeped upon it than he stepped off. From ing sound, very much like bees. Now there were many wild bees among those hills. Some of them stored their honey in holes in the rocks; and some in hollow trees. The log under him was hollow. In a moment he was down looking into the dark opening. It was large enough for a man to crawl in comfortably. But no bees were to be seen either going in or coming out. Yet the buzzing sound continued, and it plainly came from inside the log. There was also a rustling among dry leaves.

"Those must be whopping bees to make all that noise," said the cook to himself. He crept a little closer and poked with a stick. Still no bees flew in or out, which looked queer. He poked again, and then his eyes opened wide. At the far dark end of the hole two pairs of shining spots, like live opals, were staring him full in the face.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, "those are big bees, indeed!" And from inside the log came an answer—certainly funny talk for a bee. It was a distinct meow!

Wildcats! The cook could hardly keep from throwing up his hat and shouting. For a pair of wildcat cubs were the very pets he had longed for many a day, and here they were! But of course he didn't make any such demonstration. To be caught there by the old ones would not be pleasant. He merely stood up and looked all about very quietly; then fell to thinking how he should get hold of the kittens. To just crawl into the hole and pull them out, seemed the simplest way. But supposing the old ones returned while he was in there! Besides, even if they didn't, those little fellows could bite and scratch far worse than any full-grown house cat. A long stick,

therefore, was what he needed—a stick with a running noose tied to one end. In his pocket was plenty of strong twine for the noose, but where was a stick of the right length? He looked all around again. The oak-scrub was too short. Just across the ravine, however, lay the very thing—a dead quaking aspen, straight and smooth. Without a moment's loss he started for it.

Then a startling thing happened. He was midway on the fallen log when that buzzing sound commenced again, only this time much louder and from somewhere outside. His first thought was: "The kittens are coming out of their own accord!" But there was nothing in sight behind him excepting Murphy, who had just come up and was sniffing about the hollow end of the tree. What he saw at the other end the next instant, however, would have made the boldest jump. Crouching at full length close to the edge of the bank was a great bay lynx, its ears laid back, and eyes fairly blazing! Now the cook was no coward. He had hunted wolves and bears, and all sorts of wild creatures, but never had he been caught in such a fix as this—standing ing on a log half-way across a ravine twenty feet deep, with a brute as fierce in defence of its young as a panther, facing him! To go forward was out of the question; and yet a step backward was just as apt to hasten the brute's attack, being a move toward its den. Was it any wonder that he wished he had wings?

But Murphy settled it. He began to bark. There was a wild scream. The lynx sprang. The cook ducked his head, lost his balance, and fell with a heavy thud among the stones in the bottom of the gulch, where he lay quite still.

It was a full minute before he moved. Then he attempted to get up, but a sharp pain in his ankle stopped him. He was hurt—and with a wild lynx after him! Yet, somehow, he must get away from there. He took out his jack-knife and opened it. He would not give up without a fight, however great the odds. Then, not daring even to look up, he began crawling along on his hands and knees down the gulch. Whenever a chipmunk or bird rustled through the bushes above, he started, expecting to feel the claws and teeth of the lynx on his back. Slowly, foot by foot, he crept away, until at last a hundred yards lay between him and the hollow log. He was round a bend and out of sight. Still no lynx had appeared. How came such good fortune?

Presently, from away off somewhere came certain sounds. The cook listened anxiously. They were repeated—distinct yelpings, and a great skurrying about through bushes and dry leaves—and he knew that he was saved. The fierce brute had taken after Murphy instead!

Having cut a stout oak-scrub for a walking-stick, he found a place where he could climb the ravine bank, and was soon at a safe distance from the lynx's den. On the top of a small ridge he stopped to look around for Murphy. It might be that he stood in greater need of help than himself. Away on the side of the hill he caught a glimpse of him racing and dodging about through the bushes, and over and around he scattered rocks, like one possessed—a whirling, zigzagging yellow patch, with a big grey one in hot pursuit! And when they were not to be seen, there was still a chorus of yelps and snarls. Forgetting his own danger the cook whistled, and called, and waved the stick. Indeed, disabled as he was, he actually started to hobble over there to Murphy's rescue. But as he drew nearer, Murphy and the lynx seemed to go farther away; until finally seeing how useless it was, he made his way back over the hills toward home, greatly worried on his little friend's account.

But that doggy needed no one to help him at all. For no sooner was the cook well out of sight than he tucked his little yellow legs under him and left the lynx far behind. And when he caught up with his friend, there was not so much as a scratch on him anywhere!

It was late when they got home from that trip, and about all that the cook seemed to have to show for his trouble was a sprained ankle. But Murphy curled himself up on the porch the happiest little dog in the country. The cook had once saved him from a wolf; he had now saved the cook from a lynx! The next morning when two of the men visited the hollow log, armed and prepared to capture the lynx kittens, not a sign of them could they find. The old ones were too cunning to let them remain long in a spot known to their human foes. The cook's wild currants, however, were still there, safe in the pail, so the pudding was a success after all.

The Christian life is neither a dogma nor an action, but a certain tone of thought and sentiment, a certain purity of desire and simplicity of aim, a certain holiness of affection, spirituality of devoutness, humility of self-dedication.—James Drummond.

"I believe that the laying of our hand in the hand of God and the laying of our hearts beneath his eye, our feeling after him in every turn of life, is the condition from which alone can come about an ever-fresh and vigorous enthusiasm of humanity."

I count it the best and whitest of all days when a man accepts heartily, wholly, and in loving choice the higher law of life—the day when he welcomes the sacred yoke of duty, and gives the throne of his heart to the true King.—Charles G. Ames.

Church News.

Northern California.

Crockett.—The Ladies' Aid of the Congregational church has just closed a successful bazaar, the receipts being \$140. Two persons were received into church membership at the December Communion. Last Sabbath there was the largest attendance in the Sabbath School in the history of the church.

Petaluma.—A house-mover is in Petaluma this week to make preparations to move the First Congregational church. Workmen are digging to lay the foundation for the new edifice. Photographs have been taken of the old church and study and are being sold, at 30 cents each. Photos mounted are 7x10 inches. The State Union of W. C. T. U. was organized here and will have peculiar significance to members of that body also. All who may desire the photo, will send the amount in stamps with their address to Harryet Cooper, Petaluma, Cal.

Southern California.

Avalon.—We received five members on new confession and one by letter at our last Communion, Dec. 2. The work is thus not without encouragement, despite the loss of two of our church officers, who have removed to the mainland, and continued illness in one of our principal families.

Paso Robles.—The Plymouth Circle of the Congregational church gave a very enjoyable farewell reception to two of the church members at the parsonage, upon their removal to Oakland. About 50 of their friends were present. The large front window of the new church will be put in as a memorial window for the late Rev. S. D. Belt, by his brothers and sisters in Illinois. Paso Robles and San Miguel have each sent \$5 to the Congregational Church Building Society. The church at San Miguel will unite with the M. E. church in the Christmas exercises.

Pasadena Lake Avenue.—The evening of December 6th was the occasion of a happy reunion of this little church as its members and invited guests assembled at its fourth annual meeting, partaking of a hearty supper served by the Ladies' Social Union and later listening to the gratifying reports from the officers. While seated at the tables the roll was called and responses given by quoting passages of Scripture. Absent members sent greetings. Everything was done in harmony and the best of feeling prevailed. The trustees reported all bills paid and cash on hand. The pastor's report was spicy and full of encouragement. Mr. Emerson is recognized as just the man for the church. His genial personality, his deep devotion, his tenderness and

close walk with the Master, his sterling and helpful messages have endeared him to all and has had much to do with the forward movement of the church. During the year 22 have been added to the membership, making a total of 96. \$927 has been raised for home support and \$245 collected and paid out for missionary and benevolent work. \$80 was raised for the India Famine Fund. It was voted to increase the pastor's salary with a substantial amount. For whatever success has been attained the glory is given to God.

Santa Monica.

Editor Pacific:—Will you kindly give space for a brief statement that is due to many readers of your paper? It will be remembered that when the Prohibition Congregational church at Santa Monica was being built, several years ago, I made a personal canvass for funds for that purpose. In response I secured over \$1,000, most of which came from persons who particularly endorsed the attitude of that church on the liquor question. But to all contributors it was stated that should the church ever cease to exist, all its property should revert to the W. C. T. U. of Southern California and so all such moneys would be in continued temperance work. After the church was broken up the W. C. T. U. feeling unable to pay interest on a small debt, taxes and city assessments, voted to relinquish all claim to the property and return it to the donor. This he refused to accept, and the property was deeded to a responsible party, who held it in trust for the Union and paid all expenses against it. Recently the church and two lots have been sold to the United Brethren, and after paying claims against the property for taxes, interest, etc., with the debt, there comes to the W. C. T. U. a substantial balance. One lot remains yet unsold. And so far has been fulfilled the promise made to the friends who gave aid. This public statement is due to all such, to myself, and also to Mr. James Campbell, the original owner of the property.—George H. DeKay.

Inland Empire Letter.

The Westminster church, Spokane, has met a great loss in the departure of Mrs. H. T. Cowley. She was called from earth at the home of her daughter at Arlington, Or. There was but a week between her death and that of her daughter Grace, a most lovely Christian young lady. The funeral service of Mrs. Cowley occurred at the church on Sunday morning, the 2nd inst. There was a congregation that filled the spacious church edifice. Dr. Wallace's remarks were timely and impressive. He said in part: "We come here

this morning as friends and Christians to speak words that will touch our hearts in a common sorrow. But the cloud of sorrow is made beautiful by a crown of Christian hope. We are conscious of the fact that most blessed things on earth have come to us through sorrow, and it is through sorrow that the greatest perfection in human life comes. With the grace of God sorrow around the bier acts as the sweetest music. We cannot understand what it means when God pulls open the doors of the casket for the larger life. Death brings hearts together and we rejoice that it does not end all. These flowers will fade and the sacred dust will fall back to its mother earth, but life remains, an endless life without a sorrow." The speaker then took up the life and the work of the departed. Continuing he said: "This life began July 22, 1838, in Castile, N. Y. Born on the shores of the shores of the Atlantic it ended on the shores of the Pacific. Heredity as well as environment has much to do shaping the life, and our departed sister was especially favored by her parents. Her father was a Baptist minister and her mother was descended from one of the noblest families of New York. In the early '60s she went to Oberlin, O., with her husband and while teaching prepared for the larger life. When Father Spaulding went East and told the story of the Whitman massacre the message fired the heart of this woman and that of her husband. In those days few women dared to come to the great Northwest except in God's work. She made the remark that she was only a weak woman but that she had the courage to go. She and her husband stood between the white people and the Indians. What she did many of you know; what she was is of greater importance. She bought the first lots for this church on the corner of Bernard and Sprague."

Mrs. Cowley was really the successor of the late Rev. Cushing Eells, D.D., as missionary among the Spokane Indians and did efficient work among them for several years.

Rev. J. A. Barnes, formerly of Union City, Mich., has received a call from the Second church, Spokane, for six months.

Rev. Dr. Wallace delivered an eloquent memorial address at the Auditorium last Sunday in honor of the departed members of the Eiks lodge.

The News, the paper published by Rev. F. C. Krause, Hillyard, gives evidence of the aggressiveness of both pastor and people. An unique party at the parsonage one evening; entertainment at the church another evening. Thanksgiving service at Pleasant Prairie, etc., etc. Coming events: Annual sale by Ladies' Aid Society; concert and drama by the Juniors. Pastor Krause and wife are constantly

winning favor among their people, and are instrumental in enlarging and intensifying the social and spiritual potency of their parish.

The number of students at Woodcock Academy, Ahtanum, are constantly increasing. Better than all, a school spirit is being aroused and a wholesome enthusiasm developed. The girls of the Academy played a match game of basket ball with the girls of North Yakima high school on Thanksgiving before an immense audience. It was a fine game, the Academy winning by a score of 19-16. On the same evening President Penrose of Whitman college delivered his lecture on "The Hero of the Northwest" at the Academy chapel, and aroused the students with a Whitman enthusiasm.

Oregon Letter.

BY GEORGE H. HIMES.

The church at Corvallis, Rev. P. S. Knight, pastor, is keeping well to the front in its work. In order to make its house of worship more attractive, \$100 was recently spent in painting it white.

A Junior Y. P. S. C. E. was organized a little while ago, and it meets at three o'clock every Sunday afternoon in the church. Miss Lizzie Hoover is Superintendent, and Miss Ruth Lilly, President.

The Senior Y. P. S. C. E. recently gave a most successful reception in the church to the new students of the Oregon Agricultural college, the building being crowded.

The desire for good music is now being satisfied by a strong choir, recently organized, of which Prof. Berchtold, dean of the college is director and Miss Ellen Chamberlain lady dean, leading soprano.

The Y. P. S. C. E. has pledged itself to support one child in India, and the contribution will be taken at the consecration service on the last Sabbath of each month.

On November 21st the Ladies' Missionary Society of the First church, Portland, had the pleasure of listening to a deeply interesting talk on China by Miss Walker, daughter of Rev. J. E. Walker of the Foochow mission.

The number of churches uniting with the First church in a concert of prayer for foreign missionaries has been considerably increased lately. The Sunnyside, Hassalo Street, Mississippi Avenue, Astoria and Forest Grove churches have been added to the list, each church taking a special day.

Rev. Arthur W. Ackerman was elected a corporate member of the American Board at its recent meeting in St. Louis.

Four members united with the First church of Portland at its last communion, and ten with the Eugene church at its last communion.

The ladies of the First church held their

annual bazaar during the past week, and it was very successful in all respects. Not the least of its merits was the opportunity given for a large number of persons to become acquainted with each other. Too much cannot be made of the social life in the church. Knowledge begets interest in this as well as in other departments of work.

The Oregon Historical Society has secured many interesting accessions in the last few months. Among them the following may be mentioned: "Shapahitamanash Suyapu Timiki" and "Matthewnim Tamskt." The first is a Nez Perce Indian Primer, containing the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, extracts from the other parts of the Bible, and a partial vocabulary giving English and Nez Perce words in parallel columns. The second is the gospel of Matthew translated into the Indian tongue. These publications are 4x6 in size; the first contains 24 pages and has a paper cover, and the second has 78 pages and is covered with rawhide. Both were "printed at the Press of the Oregon Mission under the direction of the American Board C. F. Missions, Clearwater: M. G. Foisy, Printer, 1845."

There are but few of these original publications in existence and the society counts itself fortunate in securing these, especially so since the writer has been trying for more than a year to secure them.

Another publication of interest just received is the "Catalogus Collegii Yalensis, MDCCCXXVI." This contains a list of all the presidents, professors and alumni from 1701 to 1825, with date of graduating of the latter.

And still another is a "Farmer's Almanac," of 1836, published on Wall street, N. Y., by N. and J. White. In addition to the usual calendar for the twelve months there is a variety of interesting matter, postal rates, stage, canal and steamboat routes, table of distances etc.—all of a character to show a remarkable contrast between the conditions then existing and those of today. Take the matter of postage for instance: "Letters any distance under thirty miles, 6 cents; over thirty and under eighty, 10 cents; over eighty and under 150, 12½ cents; over 150 and under 400, 18½ cents; over 400, 25 cents. Double letters, double rates; triple letters, triple rates."

The last to be mentioned at this time is "A Sermon Preached May 14, 1795, in the city of New Haven, at the interment of Reverend Ezra Stiles, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale college, who died on the 12th of that month, in the sixty-eighth year of his age and eighteenth year of his presidency. By James Dana, D.D., pastor of the First Congregational church in said city." This is printed in ordi-

nary octavo form in the quaint style of that day, with long s's and catchwords at the lower right hand corner of each page. The subject was "Heavenly Mansions," and the text, John xiv: 2.

Portland Dec. 8, 1900.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Alba.

This scribble should be named "A Cone from Pacific Grove Pines." For I write from Mayflower by the sea, having driven here during this superb weather to enjoy the dedication of the beautiful parsonage which loving friends have made possible for this enterprising missionary church. Thanksgiving evening the prayer-meeting was held at the parsonage. Brother Lucas was able to report all bills paid and seventy-two dollars and sixty-nine cents in the treasury. It was a glad surprise, for some thought there must be the usual deficit. The parsonage has cost fifteen hundred and sixty dollars. All subscriptions are paid except two amounting to fifteen dollars, and these are likely to be paid. Thus there is a little start in the treasury towards the two hundred and fifty dollars which the brave Ladies' Aid Society voted to meet a joint pledge of the Pacific Improvement Co. and the town authorities. The street between Mayflower and the Episcopal church is to be graded and a sewer is to be put in which will relieve Mayflower's otherwise beautiful lot of an unsightly and unwholesome ditch. There is always something more for a true church to do and Mayflower's faith does not stagger. There is no agonizing call for assistance but this new challenge from the town and the fitness of some tasteful inside finishing for this useful church, which belongs to us all, make worthy call for some wise and continuous aid from those who know and love this useful church and community.

It has been a genuine pleasure to help and the reward is high. Such a crowd of happy people as sang the Doxology when Brother Lucas made his complete report. The heartiest vote of thanks was given him. He drew the plans, superintended the work, watched every detail. If there be a neater, completer, more satisfactory parsonage in the State I do not know where it is; of eight rooms in the convenient home eight have sunshine in them. I particularize three gifts—one from an invalid girl, which cost her a large share of a very slender income, and two from far-sighted Oakland gentlemen whose early challenge to the good work at the decisive moment aroused the hope and the enthusiasm which have won. The gladness of the work has bordered on that hilarity which the Greek Testament emphasizes as specially pleasing to God. I don't be-

lieve the modest Mayflower pastor would charge very much if other churches wanted to borrow his plans. He ought to have a vacation. Lucky preacher who gets into his snug, sunny study!

A FAMED SPOT.

The charms of this beautiful place never fade. This matchless sea is God's handiwork. He made it. He lifted up Loma Prieta and carved out the mountain which Fremont, crossing, won himself the name and the fame of the Pathfinder.

The Seventeen Mile Drive grows more fascinating by study of it. Life's conditions are all ideally wholesome here. What could be better? What a place for women and for children! No saloon. Some parents shovel in a load of sand for kids to play in. Here they turn them out on the cleanest sand hills in creation. Scooting down on them, shod with a gunny sack, is a tobogganning experience never waxing dull, and enjoyable every bright day in the year. Fish are fresh here all the year. An honest Chinaman brought me some today, "Welly cheap and heap good." I saw a man catch a rouser from the rocks to day; how proud he was! Roads here are equal to Santa Clara county's best. What more could horse lovers ask? The Methodist church is enlarged, and refurnished in fine taste. Mayflower will retouch its interior soon. God's house should always be beautiful. Few places have such water as the Grove. Not by the tankfull. From the great reservoir—from the Carmel which God's great rain has caused to flood its banks. Praise God for everything beautiful in this retreat for his saints. If I go on thus you will question my loyalty to Saratoga. I'll stop. Home is there. And I believe many of the ministers and missionaries of King Jesus will work longer because Saratoga shelters them and come down to this Grove for refreshment and rest.

A GOOD SIGN!

The Y. P. S. C. E. of Mayflower church begin a movement to put good signs on corner cross-roads. Rev. Cephas Clapp of Forest Grove writes of an Oregon school teacher who was caught in a snow storm in Crater Lake mountain and suffered much for five days because there was not a shingle at the forks of the road to direct her to the Rogue River settlement. When I get the story in all its completeness I will give it to The Pacific. But the mention of it here prompts Mayflower to pioneer this simple way of good citizenship. Brother Lucas made the sign. Friend Baker, who has done many gratuities for the church of Jesus Christ, painted it. I am to set it up on an obscure corner beyond Salinas, where I and others have missed the road to the Grove. No need to miss it after this. It is all right to

fight the Boss. A good thing to smash a Ring. Wisdom to uncover a Trust and see if it be trusty. Worth while to pick up a stone which bruises man's foot or stumbles a good horse. No mean duty of good citizenship to save a driver's temper and spare a weary horse a waste of strength by signing them which way to go.

Annual Meeting of the San Francisco Association.

The meeting was held with Bethany church Thursday of last week. It was organized with Deacon D. Gilbert Dexter as Moderator and Rev. Joseph Rowell as Scribe.

The usual business of an annual meeting was transacted and the committees for the coming year elected. The special item of business was a change in the constitutional time of meeting in order to accommodate the churches of Mill Valley and Sausalito. Hereafter the time of meeting will be the second Monday of April, September and December, instead of the first Thursday as hitherto.

Rev. Miles B. Fisher of Mill Valley was received to membership, and Rev. Messrs. Wikoff, Gardner, Rice and Singer, being present, were invited to sit as members by courtesy.

The attendance of the delegates of the churches and ministers was good, but not exceptionally large, as hoped for.

The first address was by Rev. H. H. Wikoff on "Church Expansion on the Pacific Coast." This admirable and helpful address presented historically the past development of the Pacific Slope and showed the important part our churches have had in that.

The reports of the churches were given during the devotional service. The request had been made that the clerks of the churches send written reports to be read as called for. So far as this was carried out, it was found to be an improvement on the old plan.

The place and work of the local association in Congregationalism was considered by Rev. Messrs. Atkinson and Willey, who presented written addresses and by others in more free discussion. Dr. Willey's paper was a strong, clear, scholarly presentation of the more commonly received view of the subject, treating Congregationalism as Democracy in church government and extolling the autonomy of the church to a place of such importance that the association may not have any constituted work or authorized power lest it interfere with the church's independence.

The other view was based on the fact that God in His work in and on this world worked directly on and with those who came into union with him through Christ, both individually and collectively, and laid the responsibility

of co-operating with Himself on each and all collectively. This fact gave the formative principle of all Christian association.

In the church there was to be no interference with the autonomy of the individual Christian, for the Christian was in living union with God and personally directed by Him. Therefore the church must not come between them; but all in the church should unite together for the accomplishment of such work as its individual members, working as individuals, could not do, and for which Christ held them responsible.

In like manner the association of churches was to do the work of the district that lies beyond the sphere of all the churches as individuals, and which in loyalty to Christ they were under obligation to do, but in no case to interfere with the autonomy of the churches, because to do so was to attempt to do what Christ, as head of the church, was doing in energizing and guiding each church. Hence the association should take the place of councils when counsel was needed by any church; should manage all matters of financial fellowship as in aiding the weaker to support pastors, build and repair buildings, etc., and all missionary matters, church and Sunday School within its boundaries and unite with other similar bodies in carrying on in wider areas the work of Christ.

A bountiful supper was provided by the Ladies of Bethany. The supper and social fellowship made the intermission very enjoyable. After a brief business session, some twenty minutes were spent most profitably in spiritual fellowship, when prayer was offered for the special needs of the churches as made known by the reports previously given.

The main topic for the evening was "The Supernatural in the Faith and Work of the Church." Chaplain Drahts presented, in a scholarly paper, the meaning of "the Supernatural." This he defined: Whatever is absolutely unattainable by human reason—what lies beyond the purview of human knowledge is to be considered within the sphere of the Supernatural.

A rationalized religion is of necessity a religion emptied of the supernatural, must of necessity be relegated to the lumber room of dead religions, no matter how much of philosophy and ethics it may contain, nor how beautifully these may be expressed. Such a "religion" may have a force but never a life.

It is said that involved in that which is supernatural as to religious knowledge may be mentioned knowledge of God, immortality, duties of man to God and their relationship, the real character and life of Christ.

Pastor Coombe spoke on the necessity of emphasizing the supernatural. He stated the

question which had been assigned to him to answer in twenty minutes would take as many hours if it received the consideration that it deserves. He said the reason for emphasizing the supernatural in the faith and work of the church was evident in the terms used in question and because the supernatural was being assailed by Pantheists, Deists, Agnostics and Pietists; because this faith is a supernatural faculty; because it is a faith in a supernatural God and a supernatural Savior, a supernatural citizenship in a supernatural kingdom; faith in a supernatural revelation in supernatural facts, forces, accomplishments and purposes; because man himself is supernatural, even when we consider him as a part of nature, he is above it, and when we think of him as born of God with a new birth that translates him out of the kingdom of darkness into the Kingdom of God's dear Son; we cannot help seeing the constant need of continuous emphasis of the supernatural in the faith and work of the church.

The last sub-topic was presented by Dr. Cherington, in his emphatic and admirable manner. He showed how the church was to avail herself of her supernatural forces. First of all and emphatically, by believing in them!—doubt or feeble faith in them is spiritual paralysis—and then, by conforming to the laws which those forces operate. This is just as the fruit or grain grower does. He finds out what the unseen forces of nature do and can do and what he needs to do. This he does and then lets those forces work. We must use them as they come—"For a web begun God sends the thread." We need ever to remember that growth by exercise is as truly a spiritual as a physical law. When a command is given the grace to fulfill that command is guaranteed. So it was with the paralytic. He made the attempt and succeeded. Had he doubted, or argued or waited, he would not have succeeded.

Literature of the Day.

"Winsome Womanhood," by Margaret Sangster. This gifted writer sends forth this book for women with the hope that it will prove suggestive and helpful "to the girl in her teens who faces so many problems and stands before an unknown future; to the older woman, bearing the responsibilities of middle life, and to her whose outlook is toward the setting sun." Nine chapters under the division "Day-break" lead the girl of fifteen through the year to the wedding day. Here we read of the daughter at home—her friends, pleasures, books and correspondence, etc., under the division "High Noon." We find chapters concerning the little home for two, the family purse, loyalty to God, motherhood,

and many other things pertaining to the home after the children come into it. Under "Eventide" there are inspiring thoughts pertaining to the privileges and duties of middle life and old age. So all along the journey of life this book will be found to have place with any one who becomes its possessor. It will do much toward making many a woman more winsome. F. H. Revell Co. Chicago. \$1.25.

Died.

SMITH.—In Riverside, Cal., December 6th, Mrs. Mary M. Smith, widow of Rev. Geo. L. Smith and daughter of Rev. Geo. Lyman of Riverside, aged 45.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

The Leading Periodical of the World.

Will Make 1901

"A Year of Romance"

BESIDES a great program of illustrated articles—a superb panoram of the Rhine—John Bach McMaster's group of articles on Daniel Webster—color-pictures, etc., etc., THE CENTURY will present, beginning with November, 1900, the first issue of the new volume,

Short Novel and Complete Stories by

F. Anstey, Mrs. Burnett, Geo. W. Cable, Winston Churchill, Edwin Asa Dix, Hamlin Garland, David Gray, Joel Chandler Harris, Bret Harte, W. D. Howells, Henry James, Sarh Orne Jewett, Rudyard Kipling, Ian Maclaren, S. Weir Mitchell, Thomas Nelson Page, Bertha Runkle, Flora Anne Steel, Frank R. Stockton, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Gen. Lew Wallace, Charles Dudley Warner, E. Stuart Phelps Ward, Mary E. Wilkins.

"THE HELMET OF NAVARRE"

A great novel, full of life, adventure, and action, the scene laid in France three hundred years ago, began in the August, 1900, CENTURY, and will continue for several months in 1901. Critics everywhere are enthusiastic over the opening chapters of this remarkable story. "The author's fame is apparently established with this, her maiden effort," says the "Boston Transcript." "The Critic" calls it "A remarkable performance."

FREE:

NEW SUBSCRIBERS to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, who begin with the number for November, 1900, will receive free of charge the three previous numbers—August, September and October—containing the first chapters of "The Helmet of Navarre," or, if these numbers are entirely exhausted at the time of subscribing, they will receive a pamphlet containing all of the chapters of "The Helmet of Navarre" contained in the three numbers. The Century Company, Union Square, New York.

The best cakes for keeping are the ordinary rich fruit cake, dried apple cake, English pound cake and old-fashioned loaf cake, which you will find called election cake in some cook books. Never add nuts to any cake you plan to keep for some time; they will mold in a few weeks and ruin the cake entirely.

Celery vinegar is an excellent addition to the list of vinegars, and is made by cutting into small pieces ten ounces of the tough end of celery which has been thoroughly washed and dried. The cubes are put into a jar and covered with half an ounce of salt and a pint of boiling white wine vinegar. As

The amateur detective is as humorous a character as any of Shakespeare's clowns, or even old Dogberry himself. He finds the most astonishing clues, and generally follows them until he brings up about as far away from the solution of the mystery as mortal well may be. But the specialist in the detection of crime, Sherlock Holmes, is a man who reads clues, as the Indian reads a trail. Every step he takes is a step to success.

It's much the same way in the detection of disease. While the amateur is blundering along over misleading symptoms, the specialist goes right to the real cause and puts an arresting hand upon the disease. It is in such a way that Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., succeeds in hunting out and arresting diseases, where the less experienced practitioners fail. More than thirty years of special study and experience have enabled Dr. Pierce to read symptoms as easily and as truly as the Indian reads a trail which is without a hint for a less acute vision than his. Any sick person can consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely without charge. Each letter is read in private and answered in private. Its contents are held as sacredly confidential. It is answered with fatherly feeling as well as medical skill and the reply is sent sealed in a perfectly plain envelope, that there may be no third party to the correspondence. Thousands have taken the first step to health by writing to Dr. Pierce. No writer ever regretted writing. Ninety-eight in every hundred treated have been positively cured. If you are afflicted with any old obstinate ailment write to-day, you will be one day nearer health. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

soon as the liquid becomes cold the jar is tightly covered and allowed to stand for a month. Then the vinegar is strained through a cloth, poured into bottles and sealed.

A sandwich which is popular at Cuban restaurants and has acquired the name of Cuban bears a close resemblance to the familiar club sandwich and is made in this way: Butter is omitted and on the bottom slice of bread is placed a layer of the white meat of cold chicken, sliced very thin, then waferlike slices of cold boiled ham topped with thin slices of cucumber pickles, shavings of bologna sausage and over all slices of cheese. The bread cover is adjusted and the sandwich placed in a frame and the crust neatly trimmed.

A dainty table article which has just been brought from Denmark is a cracker helper. A long and slender silver handle is attached to a beautiful shell of mother-of-pearl. This Danish shell is about three inches wide and the same in length. It is highly polished on both sides, and has grayish tones at the edges. Having just enough of a scoop to admit of its holding a few of the smaller kind of crackers, the helper makes a useful and unique addition to the accessories of the luncheon table.

These hurrying days, these busy times of ours, are wasted when they take our hearts away from patient gentleness, and give us fame for love and gold for kisses. Some day, when our hungry souls will seek for bread, our selfish god will give us a stone. Life is not a deep, profound, perplexing problem. It is a simple, easy lesson, such as any child may read. You cannot find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the philosophers, the theorists. It is not on your book-shelves; but in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart it allows in letters that the blindest may read—a sweet, plain, simple, easy, loving lesson. And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world will be better and happier. —R. J. Burdette.

An empty wagon makes more noise than one which carries a heavy freightage of good. The most quiet lives are often the most useful. Dr. John Hall once said: "The maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and star than comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God places us."

After a Day's Hard Work Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It nourishes, strengthens and imparts new life and vigor, by supplying the needed nerve food. Relieves the worst forms of dyspepsia.

CHAS. H. JACOB & CO.
Funeral Directors & Embalmers
 318 Mason Street
 Bet. Geary and O'Farrell
 Telephone Main 5213 San Francisco

HOTEL RAMONA

Adjoining Y. M. C. A. Building

130 Ellis Street, - San Francisco

—EUROPEAN PLAN—

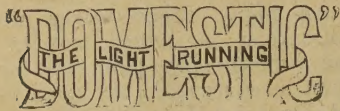
First-class in every respect. Sanitary Plumbing, Hot and Cold Water in Rooms, Electric Lights and Bells.

CARS TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY PASS THE DOOR
 50c. to \$1.50 per day. Weekly and Monthly Rates Made

MRS. KATE S. HART, Manager.

Reference by permission to Rev. George C. Adams, Pastor First Cong. Church; also to the Editor The Pacific.

Use
Pearline
 once -
ALWAYS



Pre-eminently the Sewing Machine
for Family Use

Standard Paper Patterns

HIGHEST PERFECTION
LOWEST PRICES :: :: ::

Send for Catalog.

J. W. Evans, Agent

1021 Market St. San Francisco
(Near Sixth)

G. W. Keeler H. E. Snook G. P. Prechtel

Golden Gate Undertaking Co

2425-2429 Mission Street
Telephone Mission 102

C. H. Ashley
H. S. McCurdy
Assistants

Samuel Foster
Arthur J. Foster

Morris Marcus
Fred H. Hersey
Lyman D. Foster

ESTABLISHED 1866

S. FOSTER & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Exporters of American Products

Agents

WEBB'S
CREAM.
Sugar Corn

TOP-O-CAN BUTTER

(Gold Medal, Paris, 1900)

DIAMOND BRAND
YOUNG AMERICA CHEESE

26-28 CALIFORNIA STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

HOTEL.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

F. L. TURPIN, Proprietor

Telephone MAIN 153

ROYAL HOUSE

126 Ellis St.,

Near Y. M. C. A., San Francisco, Cal.

Between POWELL AND MASON STREETS.

ELEVATOR AND OFFICE ON GROUND FLOOR.

New fire-proof brick building, metallic fire escapes front and rear. Every room new and furnished complete with spring beds and hair mattresses. First-class reading room and ladies' parlor. All the daily papers. Rooms, per night, 35c. to \$1.50; per week, \$2 to \$9; per month, \$8 to \$30.

LADIES' PARLOR.

All Market Street Cars run within one block of the House. Ellis Street Cars pass the door.

**SOMETHING DESIRABLE
FOR SALE**

Residence property in Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and Fruitvale. Desirable and cheap. Ranches also. Some of this is for exchange.

W. D. THOMAS

The Insurance Man

502 East 12th Street . Oakland.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne

DEALERS IN

PAPER

55, 57, 59, 61 First Street

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Telephone Main 199.

146 and 148 N. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE SABBATH TRANSFERRED.

The Sabbath Question Settled.
Jewish Sabbath and Christian Sabbath
Identical. Price reduced to Clergymen to \$1.00.

For Circulars write to

JOHNS D. PARKER & Co.,

East Orange, N. J.

MURRAY M. HARRIS

Organ Builder

Church, Chapel and Parlor Pipe Organs

657, 659 San Fernando St.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

Factory larger and employs more men than all other organ factories combined west of St. Louis. Catalogue free.

Tel. MAIN 363.

H. LE BARON SMITH

The American Tailor

20 Bush Street Above Montgomery

15 per cent to clergymen

THE EMPORIUM
and
Golden Rule Bazaar.
CALIFORNIA'S LARGEST—AMERICA'S GRANDEST STORE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Holiday

Tableaux

Open Monday

Nov. 12, 1900

A Display that will delight young and old—surpassing all previous holiday attractions. Fairyland with its wonderful mechanical novelties, including the Moving Sidewalk, Dancing Pavilion, Shooting the Chutes, Ferris Wheel, Etc.—the Special Exhibit of French, English, German and Austrian Toys—the regular Toy Show—and one of the grandest displays of Holiday Merchandise in America. Santa Claus receptions early in December

Watch for announcement of other features in San Francisco daily papers.

Ask or send for "Holiday Messenger"—a book that gives a thousand hints and prices of suitable gifts for everybody.

